Foreign Service Journal

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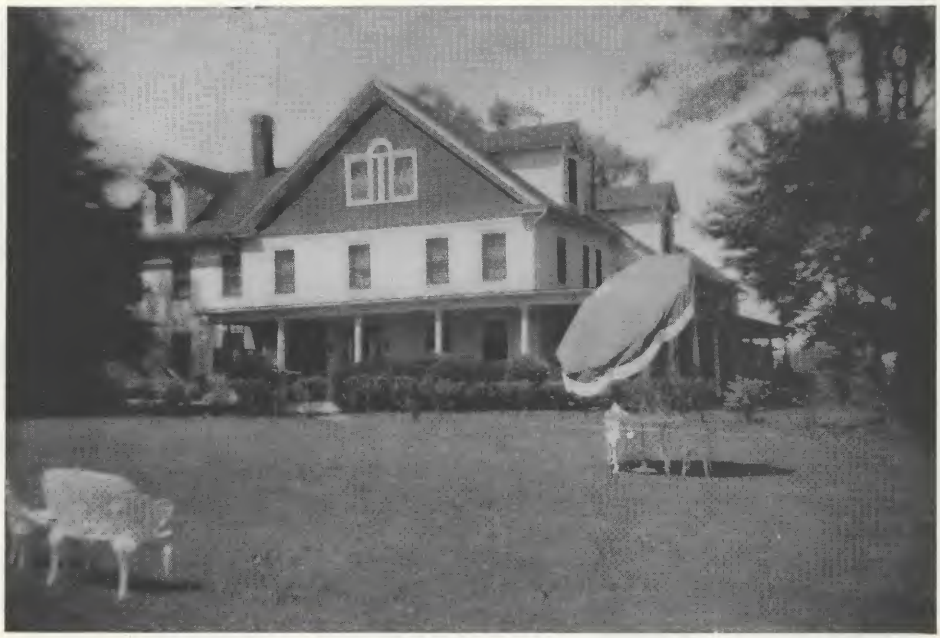

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by Robert Sivard

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Please help us keep our mailing list up-to-date by indicating to the Circulation Manager of the JOURNAL changes in address, in advance when possible. APO or FPO address should be mentioned if applicable. It is no longer possible to replace copies undelivered because of their being sent to the old address.

USIA HONOR AWARDS CEREMONY

USIA Director George V. Allen and Deputy Under Secretary of State Loy W. Henderson presented awards on June 11, 1959, at the Department of Interior auditorium, to the following, in USIA's Third Annual Honor Awards Ceremony:

Distinguished Service Award

Connors, W. Bradley (posthumous)
Graham, Zelma S.
Speer, Robert P. (posthumous)

Superior Service Award

Block, Ralph J.
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Cornejo M., Eduardo
Gonzaga, Roberto
Harner, Charles E.
King, William B.
Kumagai, Naotada
Stuart, John M., Jr.

Superior Service Unit Award

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USIS Vienna

Meritorious Service Award

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Baier, Luisa E.
Bardos, Arthur A.
Barmine, Alexander G.
Bhagut, Nandaram
Blacutt, Tomas
Brower, Richard C.
Casler, Harry S.
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Cheng, Tsi Yau
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Conroy, Paul R.
Cut, Nguyen Thi
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Halabi, Nicholas T.
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Kekich, William P.
Keogh, William H.
Krieger, Gordon C.
Littell, Wallace W.
Masey, Jack C.
McGillivray, James H.
McGrail, T. H. (posthumous)
Morang, Frank L.
Naganuma, Shigetaka
Pasaribu, Josef
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ICA MID-CAREER TRAINING PROGRAM

The Institute on ICA Development Programming recently graduated its second session of ICA personnel. This Institute is an affiliate of the Johns Hopkins University, was inaugurated in 1958, and is located at 1900 Florida Avenue, N. W., Washington. This year's graduates of the mid-career program were:

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Cashin, Richard M.
Cummings, Roger
Gauthier, Victor A.
Holloway, Arthur H.
Keogh, David J.
Kugler, Harold
Mayfield, Ben H.
Niblock, Thomas
Phillips, Dr. William T.
Powelson, Prof. John P.
Ray, Robert S.
Sereno, Prof. Renzo
Simmons, Frederick F.
Smith, Freeman P.
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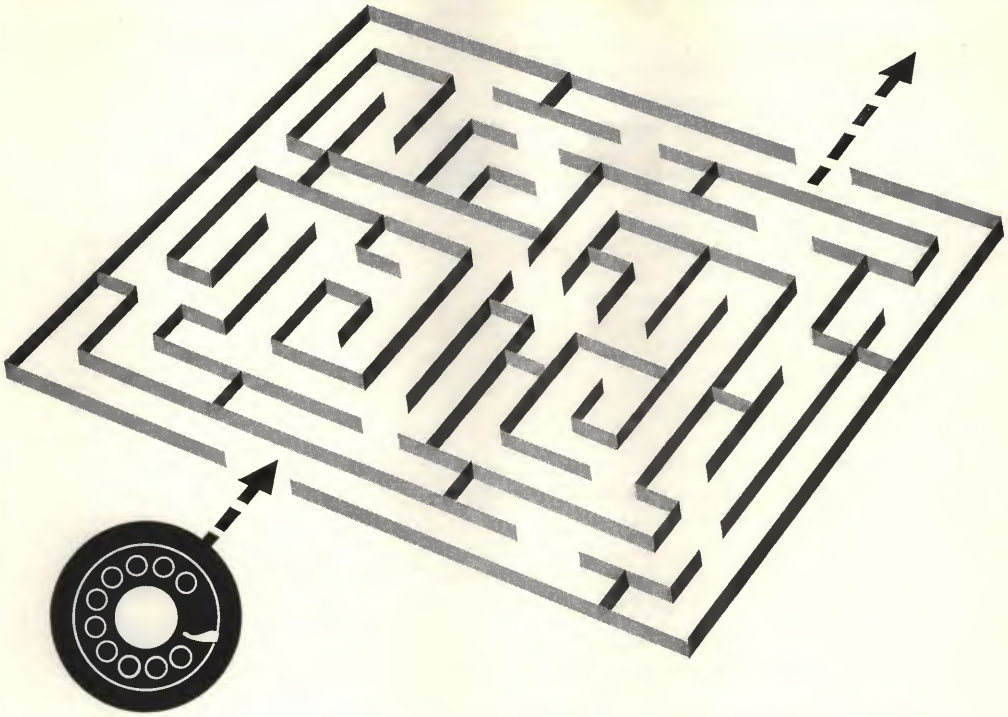

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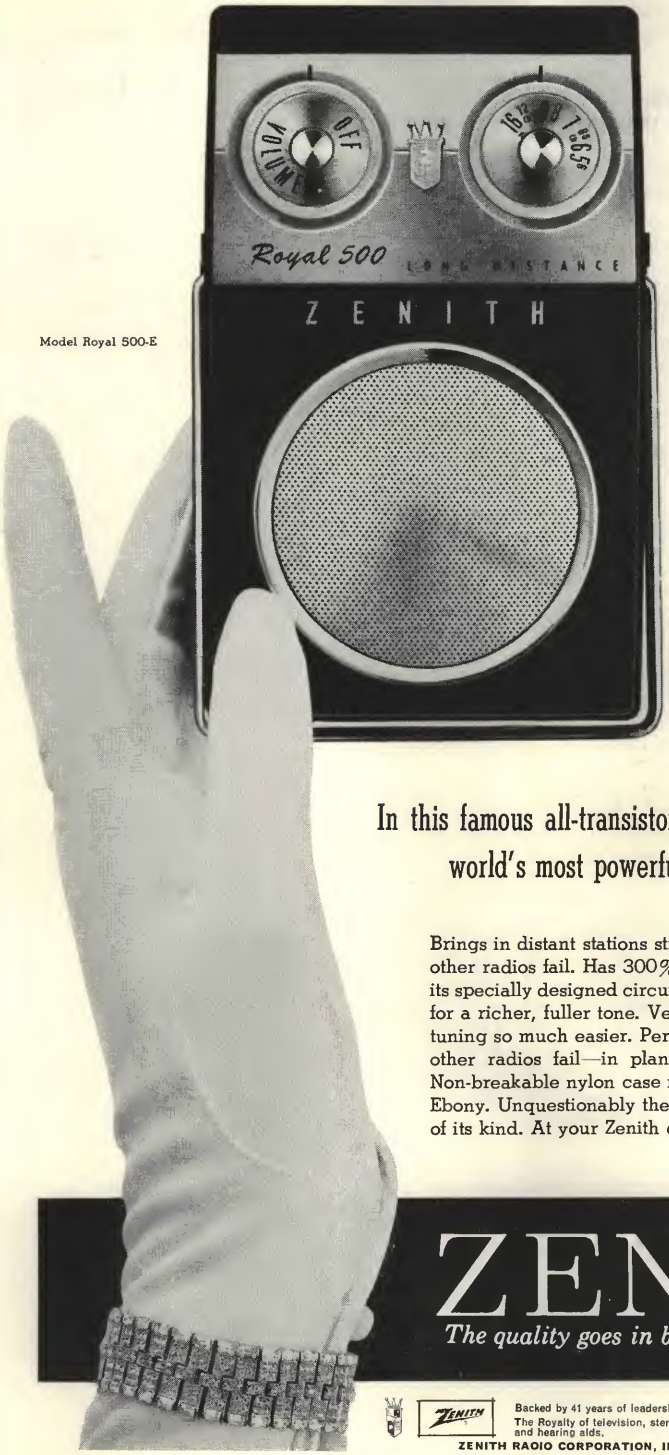

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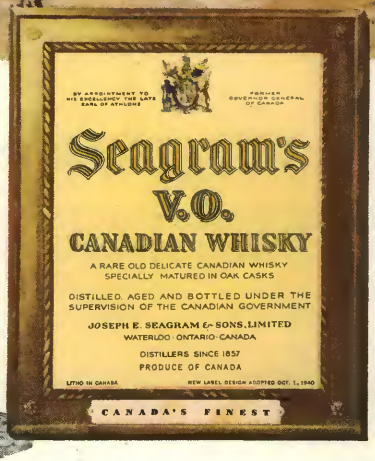

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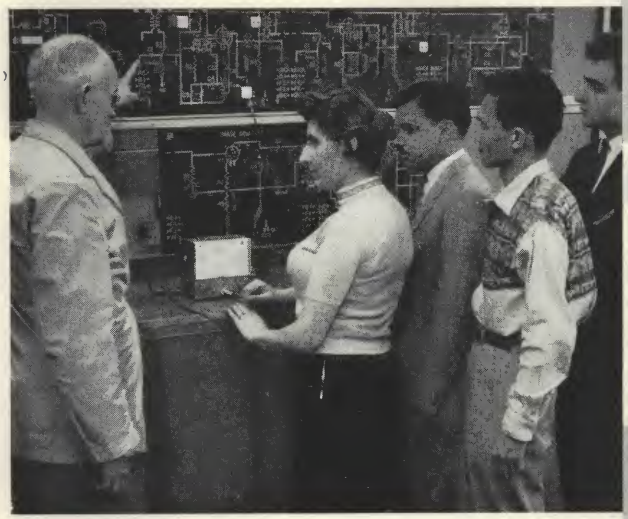

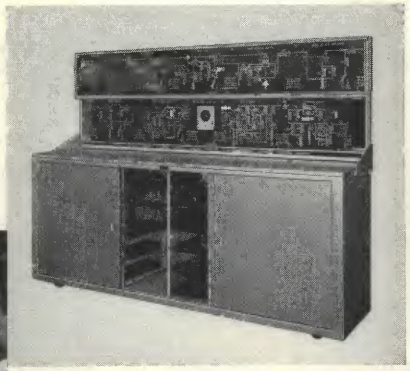

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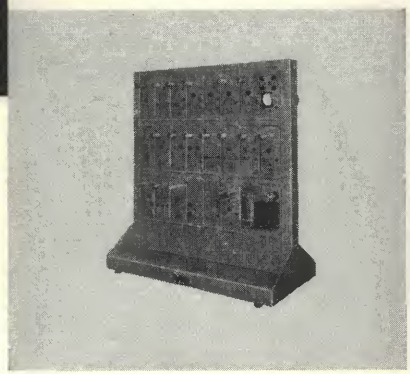

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Potomac Portrait

The Shenandoah (upper left) joins the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, West Virginia, where three States converge . . . . . West Virginia, center; Virginia, left; and Maryland, right.

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James Buchanan

Signature of President James Buchanan, a RIGGS customer at the time of John Brown's ill-fated raid on the arsenal at Harper's Ferry in 1859.

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The American Secretary of State

By H. G. Nicholas

THE WORLD has become used to the United States rotating like some vast planet every 4 years. In November of each leap year a President is elected; for four years he holds sway uninterrupted until in November of the next leap year his mandate expires or is renewed. The resignation of the late Mr. Dulles, however, halfway through one of these quadrennial periods was a reminder not only that the rhythm is not necessarily so fixed but also that the planet is not alone. Rather, the President now appears (like Saturn) as only the center of a series of concentric rings of which by far the nearest and most important is the Secretary of State. The world, perhaps as never before, is now conscious of the potency and dimensions of the office, and views a change in its incumbent as only one degree less significant than a change in the tenancy of the White House itself. How has this come about? Are we right to see the Secretary of State in these impressive terms?

The historian will not find the present situation entirely novel. He will remind us that before there was a President there was a Secretary of State—or, to be precise, a Secretary of Foreign Affairs. In the infancy of the Republic, during the years of Confederation, when Congress served as both executive and legislature, it found it impossible to get along without a Department of Foreign Affairs, and to the post of Secretary it appointed in succession two of the ablest figures of the period, Robert Livingston and John Jay. They laid a foundation so solid and sensible that when the new Constitution came into operation in 1789 the existing system was continued, though with the difference that the Secretary no longer served under the immediate authority of Congress but under that of the newly created supreme executive, the President of the United States.

Unfortunately in the rush to get everything packed and the system of government under way, one or two things were left out. It was discovered that there was an assortment of duties which had to be performed but which none of the executive departments was exactly adjusted to discharge. No arrangements had been made for publishing the acts of Congress, no one had been designated to keep the Great Seal and the accounts and records of the United States; worst of all, now that the United States was a federation, no part of the federal government had been made responsible for conducting correspondence with the several States. There was nothing much in common between these tasks and none of them had much to do with the conduct of foreign relations, but they had to be handled somewhere, and it seemed to Congress as if the Department of Foreign Affairs was not too over-burdened to take them on. However, if it was to have its functions thus irrelevantly augmented, it hardly made sense to go on calling it by the old name. So in September 1789 the Department of State was born and its principal officer was designated henceforth the Secretary of State.

Neither then nor since have these odds and ends taken up much of the Secretary's time or thought. But in the lighthearted way in which Congress dumped these forgotten items in the Secretary's lap one may see an indication of the contradictory attitude which Congress displays towards him at intervals throughout American history. On the one hand foreign affairs are judged so important that the Secretary of State is the senior member of the President's Cabinet and was indeed, between 1886 and 1947, second in succession to the Presidency. On the other hand there is recurrent hope that foreign affairs will give so little trouble that the Secretary of State will be free to go fishing and that the most important United States embassies can be staffed with party spoilsmen.

THE ACT of 1789 which set up the Department makes it clear that the Secretary is, in law, the direct subordinate of the President. He is to perform such duties as the President may assign him and is to conduct the business of the Department "in such manner as the President * * * shall from time to time order or instruct." In this respect the Secretary is no different from any other member of the President's Cabinet; they are all servants of the President, *alter egos* who do for him, in relation to the work of their separate departments, what, owing to human limitations of space and time, he cannot do for himself. He appoints and dismisses them, consults or ignores them, instructs or leaves them to their own devices. What their relationship with the President is to be is entirely for him to determine. It is not a team he leads, like the British Prime Minister; it is an administration he directs. The people have put the President where he is; he alone has put them. The power they exercise is all delegated by him. But this has never meant that a President could safely surround himself by nonentities. Indeed the ideal has always been what George Washington proclaimed it to be when he chose his first Cabinet, to appoint men "already of marked eminence before the country; not only as the more likely to be serviceable, but because the public will more readily trust them".

Especially is this true of the Secretary of State. From the earliest days the country has always wanted to have someone at the head of the State Department that they could

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trust. If you look over the long roll of Presidential Cabinets you will find that the Secretaryship of State has generally been held by the weightiest and ablest member of the group. In the first formative years of the Republic in particular, when the fundamentals of American foreign policy were being laid down for a century, a series of brilliant statesmen followed each other in the Department of State—Jefferson, Randolph, Marshall, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay. In this period the office, more often than not, was a stepping stone to the Presidency itself. In the first forty years half of the Secretaries of State go on to become Presidents. Then comes a change. After 1831 only one Secretary of State, James Buchanan, is elected to the Presidency, and only one, James G. Blaine, is even nominated subsequently as a candidate. Nowadays, it is probably true to say, no serious aspirant to the Presidency would regard the road to the White House as lying through the State Department. How should we account for this change?

IN PART it is due to a transformation in the character of the Presidency. The early Presidents were all, in varying the Presidency. The early Presidents were all, in varying degrees, patrician statesmen chosen from a limited circle for their proven fitness and experience; for an office so conceived the Department of State was an obvious proving ground. But as America's westward expansion turned her gaze further and further from Europe and from "foreign relations" in any shape or form, and as popular suffrage spread and national parties developed, a change occurred. The President was now nominated by a national party and directly elected by the people; thus the emphasis fell, as with Andrew Jackson, not on proven competence in the arts of government but on broad popular appeal, and appeal of this kind could not easily be acquired by performance in the State Department.

At about the same time, though for different reasons, the Secretary of State's job changed its character too. Or perhaps not its character so much as its scope. With the extrusion of European imperialism from the Western hemisphere and the enunciation of the Monroe Doctrine, the great formative periods of foreign policy-making for the young Republic were over. It was as if the ship of state had now been set on her course and could be left to plough ahead on calm seas with only an occasional touch from the steersman. For three-quarters of a century this was broadly true, so that although there were some able men at the State Department there was no great outlet there for their talents; indeed, if it happened that a superannuated dud like Senator John Sherman was appointed, few people thought that the Republic would come to any great harm in consequence. (The low esteem into which the office had fallen in the eyes of politicians was well indicated by Sherman himself who grumbled, "They deprived me of the high office of Senator by the temporary appointment of Secretary of State.")

Then came, at the turn of the century, that first American awakening to the perils and possibilities of world responsibility which is associated with the name of Theodore Roosevelt. Thenceforward to our own day, with only momentary intervals, foreign affairs are a major concern of American government and an increasing preoccupation of American public opinion. This brings back to the State Department a sequence of eminent and able Secretaries—John Hay, Elihu Root, Robert Lansing, Henry Stimson, Cordell Hull. But it does not make the Department once again a stepping stone to the White House. In all the tributes that the resignation of Mr. Dulles evoked there was not one suggestion that if time and health had been permitted to him the highest office might have been within his grasp. Nor has Mr. Herter's elevation made him a serious contestant for the Republican nomination in 1960. Why is this?

We can see something of the answer, I think, if we look at the relations between President and Secretary of State in two administrations notable for their concern with problems of foreign policy. Both Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt began with Secretaries of State whom they appointed primarily because they were considerable political figures in their own right. Bryan, three times Democratic candidate for the Presidency, had been largely instrumental in securing the nomination for Wilson in 1912. Hull, much less of a national figure, was none the less highly influential in the Senate and throughout the Democratic South which provided half of Roosevelt's popular following. But Wilson found the divergencies between his policy and Bryan's pacifism were too great to be bridged and in 1915 Bryan the politician was replaced by Lansing the Counsellor of the Department, the lawyer who was the technician of policy, the expert official.

"F.D.R." under strain of war reacted similarly; his disagreements with Hull were never great enough to warrant dismissal, but whenever he was at odds with his Secretary of State he simply by-passed him and used Sumner Welles, the Under Secretary. In 1943 the jealousy to which this gave rise obliged Roosevelt to dismiss Welles, but the by-passing did not cease; Harry Hopkins, the President's personal assistant and White House lodger, was repeatedly employed on diplomatic errands.

HISTORIANS have sometimes tried to explain these relationships in terms of the personality of the President involved—Wilson's autocratic moralism, Roosevelt's reliance on personal charm and devious indirection. But there is more to it than this. In proportion as foreign affairs have become a growing preoccupation of American public opinion, so the Secretary of State has come under the shadow of the Jacksonian concept of the Presidency. Too important now to be left to mere technicians, the conduct of American foreign relations requires at the State Department a man of stature who can deal with foreign ministers abroad and with Congress at home as an equal, if not a superior. But just because the decisions in foreign affairs involve issues of life and death for the nation these decisions cannot ultimately be taken by a mere appointee, however able and however dedicated. They can only be taken by the one man who represents the American people because he has been elected by them, the President. Truman understood this perfectly; although he had, first in Marshall and then in Dean Acheson, Secretaries of State to whom he gave his complete confidence, from the outset the big decisions were all his.

One is tempted sometimes to think that there may be more to it even than this. Respected though he may be, the Secre-

tary of State can seldom hope to be a very popular man. Like the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, one of his main jobs is to tell the public what they do not wish to hear. This has been especially so during these last decades when the cherished dream of American omnipotence has come into such painful clash with the realities of world politics. In such a case, and when things go awry, it seems as if it is not necessarily the President who mainly suffers; he is, after all, the electorate themselves in another guise. Instead the Secretary of State becomes the whipping-boy.

It is the Secretary of State who has to spend long hours before the committees of Congress, to defend a policy which may often be of his master's making. It is he who has to answer a barrage of questions from Senators and Congressmen. When these assume, as they often do, a humiliating or embarrassing form, he can neither, like the President, take shelter behind the prestige of his office, nor, like a British parliamentarian, give as good as he gets in the sure knowledge that his back-benchers will cheer him. The Senate, in particular, believes that truculence should be a one-way street. A Secretary of State who would win their support must combine the patience of Job with the heroism of St. Sebastian; he is not even permitted to imply that the arrows are wide of the mark and do not really hurt—that was what lost Mr. Acheson votes when he was tied to the Senatorial stake. The President can, upon occasion, read Congress a lecture; the Secretary of State never. So it comes about that for the "loss of China" and the stalemate in Korea, Truman admittedly was criticized, but it was Marshall and Acheson who were scourged. And has not something of the same happened upon occasion where Eisenhower and Dulles were involved?

So the picture emerges of the Secretary of State as a figure strangely compounded and curiously placed. In the increasingly complex world of international politics he must be an expert diplomat; yet he must also have a political standing at home. For all that, he can never press his own judgment against the President's; the people's choice is the boss. If things go well he may get some credit, but even when he has brought the dragon to its knees it is probably a St. George from the White House who will administer the *coup de grace* and take the plaudits. If things go badly he will get most of the boos and may even be thrown to the lions. And when his time is done he can hope for no further preferment, except what comes from writing his memoirs or returning to his law practice. Happy the country which offering so little can yet attract to its employment so many illustrious public servants, from Robert Livingston to Christian Herter.

Strictly a Business Arrangement

By Constance G. Javorsky

After working three months as a Sweeper (Hindu) in my house, Azim one day approached with downcast eyes, a letter in his hand.

"Please, Memsab, read my letter," he said in English which he spoke very well, having for a number of years worked for Britishers in Dacca. The handwriting appeared similar to that in my Market Book, indicating Azim had composed and written the letter himself:

To Miss Joversky, Ali Pore House, Dacca, 29/11/57
Madam,

Most respectfully and humbly submission I beg to bring these few lines for your kind and sympathetic consideration.

That I am a poor man who is at your service as a sweeper in your residence,

That I have a plot of land which is my only property and I have to pay the house rent for the room where I am residing at present—having my own land a side,

That I wish to have my own thatched house built up in my own land but my poverty refrains me from this thought as it requires at least Rs. 100/-/- (Rupees One Hundred) to have the thing done.

In view of the above I approach your kind self to have some sympathy on your poor servant by lending him the above amount on Condition to recover the full amount in five installments i.e., 20/-/- per month, and save me from paying the house rent every month. In this matter I am also ready to have my bicycle mortgaged if you do not mind.

I, therefore, hope that you will favourably consider my Case. For this act of Kindness I shall remain ever grateful to you and shall pray to God for your long life and prosperity.

Your most obedient servant,
Azim, Sweeper

In this land of poverty, such stories are frequent—this could be either true, or more likely, false. I did not immediately answer except to say that I would give the matter very serious consideration.

"Azim, would you please tell me the value of your cycle?"

"One hundred sixty rupees, Memsab."

"Accha. Come back tomorrow, Azim, and I will give you my answer then."

"Thank you, Memsab. Salam."

"Salam, Azim."

After Azim left the house I made a point of asking Shaikh, the bearer (Muslim), whether he thought Azim should be given the money. Showing no animosity, possibly because he saw this as a wedge toward future loans of his own, Shaikh said Azim should be given the money. Later in the afternoon Mervin, an Indian friend, dropped in and I asked what he thought should be done about the loan. He emphatically stated that neither Azim nor any other of my servants should ever be given loans or advances as it started something that would never end.

"Furthermore, it is quite likely the money will go for liquor; sweepers cannot work well without it!"

Mervin went on to ask if I had ever noticed anything missing from the house and I replied that both Shaikh and Azim had complete access to everything in the house, and that nothing had ever been missing. I then questioned Mervin as to the value of a bicycle on the local market and also of the cost for building such a thatched house. He stated that a new bicycle was almost unobtainable because of Pakistan's lack of foreign exchange for importing, but that on the black market a cycle could be purchased for around Rs. 250 new, or for less if one were not particular from where it came. He said the estimate for the thatched house would cover materials only.

During the next day at the office, Azim was lurking in the hidden recesses of my mind. Instead of asking for a loan as he had, he could have either taken the money from my purse or turned an item from my household goods over on the black market to good advantage. If he wanted to do this business of a loan, his approach of offering something of greater value for security was decidedly to be encouraged. A bicycle in this land of rickshaws, gherries and oxcarts meant mobility. For Azim to give up his only means of transport for several months seemed a great sacrifice and a worthy property for mortgage.

When Azim had finished sweeping and washing the floors and the bathrooms that evening, he appeared before me.

"Azim?"

"Yes, Memsab."

"Azim, I have been thinking about your need of rupees to build a thatched house. There are a few things I would like you to tell me."

"Yes, Memsab."

"How much will the bamboo cost and how much will the labor of building the house cost?"

"My uncle will help me build the house. The bamboo will cost little but a piece of tin for the roof will cost many rupees."

"What will you do for money to feed your family while you are getting less pay every month, and how will you come to work without your bicycle, Azim?" (His pay was Rs. 30/–/– per month, i.e., $6.30.)

"I work in other houses as sweeper, Memsab. My uncle will share me his bicycle to come to work."

"Well, do you understand that I expect your work to be as good every day as when you are collecting full pay?"

"Yes, Memsab. I will do a good job and come to work every day."

"Accha. All right. I will loan you the Rs. 100 according to the terms of your letter. When your house is finished, perhaps you will invite me to tea so I can see what you have done."

"Oh yes, Memsab, you come for tea when house is finished. God will bless you, I bless you, and my family bless you. Every night my family will say prayers for your good health. Salam, Memsab!" So saying, Azim fell to the floor as though to kiss my feet.

Quite a bit embarrassed, I quickly added, "Now, Azim, to make this a legal and binding contract, we must prepare a note to be signed by you and by me. We will set up a schedule of monthly deductions from your pay and we will cancel your note as paid in full when you have completed the payment of Rs. 100."

Giggling nervously and trying to look very businesslike, Azim excused himself to bring the cycle from downstairs while I drew up the contract on the back of his letter.

"We must put the serial number of the bicycle on the note, Azim," I said, as he wheeled it into the godown (storeroom). Azim read off the serial number, and it was written into the note which we each then signed:

To whom it may concern: 30/11/57

I, Azim, give in mortgage my bicycle No. 78447 *as security for the loan of Rs.* 100 *which is to be paid in five installments of Rs.* 20 *per month, to begin December* 1957.

(*signed*) Azim

(*counter-signed*) C. Javorsky

I then handed Azim the keys and asked him to lock the godown which he did, returning the keys as I handed him Rs. 100.

"Salam, Memsab."

"Salam, Azim."

Scarcely had the news of Azim's windfall had time to jell when the doorbell to Apt. 5, Alipore House, rang. Given permission to enter, Abdul, the malli (gardener), rushed in and flung himself on the floor, speaking feverishly in Urdu. With Shaikh trying to understand in Bengali and translate to me into English, it soon became clear that the malli was trying to make a "touch." He wanted Rs. 5, to buy a pair of shoes. With Abdul blubbering "Buckshis, Memsab, Buckshis," at my feet, I told Shaikh to ask him if he had anything to offer for mortgage. Shaikh gave me a quick, startled look, lowered his eyes and translated. Abdul's eyes rolled in shock, and the two men jabbered away some more. Remembering then the many times I had seen the malli sitting in the compound while a young understudy did all

the work, and also that it was like pulling teeth to get a bouquet for the house once in a while, despite the fact I had bought a great amount of flower seed some time before while in Calcutta, I added for good measure: "This fellow has lived here all his life; he knew a couple of months ago he would need shoes—he wouldn't wear shoes if he had them!"

Not understanding the words, but knowing the tones of refusal when he heard them, Abdul broke out in a flood of tears. It seems he was very underpaid, had a large family that was starving, he was miserable and sick, and had to sleep out in the cold every night.

"Cold? Oh good Lord!" (110 degrees in the shade during the day, down to 80° to 90° at night.) This creature's beggary was in such contrast to Azim's simple dignity—the sight before my eyes was of a healthy-looking person who could have taken on a few odd jobs to earn the extra money. In disgust I told Shaikh to tell the malli "if he gets Rs. 1 from each of the other tenants in the building, I will also give him Rs. 1 and then he will have more than enough to get some shoes or whatever it is he wants."

"Madom, malli say other no give rupees."

"Well, then, it's just too darn bad. Get him out of here and don't let him in again for any reason."

Many times during the next four months I was to be strongly tempted to allow Azim the use of the bicycle, as he often trudged to work on foot. Knowing this to be a weakness that could destroy the good I was trying to do, I would then hand Azim the keys and ask him to sweep the godown and check his bicycle for dust. This he would do, a bit ruefully perhaps, as I was *supposed* to weaken. He learned he must fulfill his contract, that I permitted no other one to use his property while it was being held in more protective bond than my own property. Seeing the bicycle often reminded him of what he stood to loose by defaulting.

At the end of the fourth month, Azim's work had been faithfully performed a total of seven months, well past the usual trial period for servants. He had been helpful on errands that required the speaking of English; the Market Book which accounted for all shopping from the local market had been kept accurately and neatly (Shaikh could neither read, nor write English, nor do figure-work). I decided I would relieve the situation for Azim by giving him a small "raise." One problem I had expected to have, that of the usual trouble between servants whose religions were in conflict, had not developed. These two, strangely enough, got along very well together—if they squabbled, I never knew about it. As a combination bearer-cook, Shaikh ruled the roost and he had managed well.

On pay day then, as we checked off another installment on the note, I mentioned to Azim that he and Shaikh would each receive Rs. 5 more per month. His face lighted up as he received it, and, excusing himself, Azim went to the "Cook House" (kitchen) for a conference with Shaikh. Unmanly giggles and arguing were heard, then, grinning from ear to ear, Azim appeared again before me.

"Memsab."

"Yes, Azim?"

"You take *all* my pay today. Please I take bicycle. Next month you reduce Rs. 5 I still owe on Note in full?"

"Ah, Azim! I will be very happy to do this. But are you sure you can manage without any money this month?"

"Yes, Memsab, my uncle—"

"Accha. Here are the keys, hurry and bring out your cycle."

All of us grinning broadly, Shaikh, Azim and I trooped to the godown. The ceremony of inspecting the bicycle over, noting that it needed air in the tires, dusting and oiling, etc., Azim proudly wheeled it out, downstairs, and rode off to his home.

The next day, after finishing his sweeping and washing, Azim appeared before me.

"Memsab."

"Yes, Azim?"

"My uncle says you come for tea. House is finished. I have Rs. 5 to pay complete note."

"That's fine. Your house is finished in time for the Hindu festival! I will come for tea. See, I am marking the note PAID IN FULL IN ADVANCE OF DATE DUE. Do you want to keep the note, Azim?"

"I have house and my bicycle. No, Memsab, you keep note."

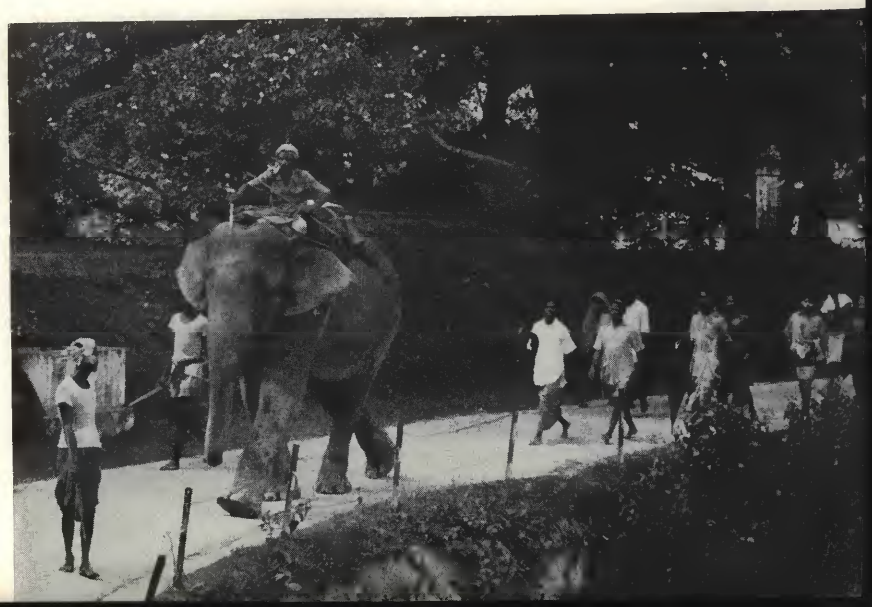
"Thank you very much. I would like to keep it and someday, when I am home in America, I will show it to my family and friends, and tell them about Azim, my very obedient servant, a man of great honor."

"You remember Azim in America, Memsab?"

"Yes, I will remember you in America, Azim."

"Salam, Memsab."

"Salam, Azim."



**Down the road,
Chittagong hill tracts,
East Pakistan**

EDITORIAL PAGES

The Obligation to Criticize

THE SENATE Foreign Relations Committee is now engaged in a comprehensive review of foreign policy —an enterprise which should command the attention of the Department and the Service and for which Senators Green and Fulbright are to be congratulated. Terms of reference of the study (for it is a *study* rather than an investigation) were established in late July, 1958; arrangements for fourteen private foundations and institutions to conduct studies into fourteen specified subjects were completed in January; and, in July, there appeared the first substantive fruit of the effort—"Summary of Views of Retired Foreign Service Officers," an eighty-one page brochure which consists of the anonymously expressed viewpoints of a group of retired officers who were selected by the Committee with the assistance of Deputy Under Secretary of State Henderson.

Senator Fulbright, in his introduction states that it might be argued that "anonymity may breed irresponsibility" but adds that "the stature of the selected group, and their devotion to country largely vitiates this possibility." He notes that "their views are of paramount importance" because "they speak from long practical experience in representing the national interest as a whole, and are not grinding the axe of any particular interest group."

The document deserves the most critical consideration throughout the Service. Its readers will be impressed with the scope of constructive criticism and objective expertise which the elder Service brings to bear on matters of vital importance to us all. No holds are barred and it is to the credit of the Department that no restraints whatsoever were either suggested or placed on the freedom of the contributors to discuss matters of controversial sensitivity.

Senator Fulbright summarizes the consensus under nine headings while admitting a lack of clear agreement on some issues and the danger of summarization:

1. Criticism of the "defensive posture" of U. S. foreign policy and "an inability to come forth with any new creative and dramatic programs."

2. Difficulties of "conducting a bold, consistent, on-going, and expensive foreign policy in a democracy."

3. "Considerable resentment . . . over the treatment of the Foreign Service" (including inadequate representation allowances and the "practice of viewing many ambassadorships as political largesse") and "the bypassing of Ambassadors and the undercutting of traditional diplomatic methods by direct participation of the Secretary of State in negotiations."

4. Demands for reforms within the Department, including "revitalization of the Policy Planning Staff as a long-range planning body," greater delegation of "decision-making to subordinates to allow more time for policy considerations by higher officials," and "creation of an atmosphere more conducive to imaginative and creative thinking."

5. Criticism that "so much reliance on nuclear weapons" serves to restrict "the alternatives of our foreign policy," and doubts of the emphasis on military aid and the value of SEATO and the Baghdad Pact.

6. A dichotomy between the Europe-first officers and those who believe primary attention should be focused on the less developed regions.

7. With one exception, general support for the foreign aid program, together with general criticism of its composition and administration.

8. No "clear agreement on U. S. policy toward Communist China and Taiwan."

9. Criticism by certain officers that "Congress had not adapted its procedures to the exigencies of the present world crisis."

To state these viewpoints is not, obviously, to agree with them. The important thing is to consider them, and in our daily endeavors of loyally executing American policy, to weigh the alternatives and to report honest objections as we see them. Policy has something of a coral-like structure which tends to solidify, but this does not mean that all accretions hallowed by experience and time, like coral, build a rock-like base. Foreign policy must search for the permanent while keeping adaptable to the unpredictable. For, in a world of flux and revolutionary change, U. S. foreign policy must be conducted in an environment wherein powerful forces over which we have little or no control will continue to influence our alternatives and qualify our actions.

The highest responsibility of the Service is to make itself aware of these forces, of their impact on our purposes and policies, and of the inevitable tug-of-war which must obtain during these troubled and un-

precedented times between our foreign and domestic policies. Foreign and domestic policies form a continuum, and our concern must be to contribute to the creation of conditions which will permit our domestic society to preserve and develop those basic qualities for which it stands. In the process we must not only continue to scrutinize ourselves but also our policies as seen by others.

The Foreign Relations Committee's inquiry into the mainsprings of U. S. foreign policy can only assist this process and contribute to a greater mutuality of viewpoint between the Congress and the Department. We shall await with the greatest interest other publications of the Committee, which will cover not only the world's geographic regions but will penetrate into the dynamic motive forces of the world's international climate—the scope of change, the implications of ideological conflicts, the influences of science and military technology on foreign policy, the dimensions of nationalism and the revolution of rising expectations, and others of equal importance and relevance.

The Second Year

THE ATTENDANCE of President Eisenhower at the graduation of the Foreign Service Institute's first Senior Officers' Course dramatically recognized not only the importance of training at all levels but also the success achieved by the Course in its first year. Regarded as perhaps too ambitious a project a year ago, the senior course has already justifiably established an outstanding reputation in academic, professional and career circles.

The second session of the Senior Officers' Course will begin this month. Ten Foreign Service Officers and one Departmental officer have been chosen to attend, along with eight officers from the military services and several civilian agencies of the government. We envy them their opportunity.

Speaking to the graduates of the first class, the President urged that high-ranking government officials be given an opportunity to break away from operating pressures and demanding routine to think about their jobs, saying that he thought of a year spent at the Foreign Service Institute as offering time for contemplation rather than just a "cramming of information into your heads."

Considering the richness of the curriculum, participants in the Senior Officers' Course may not have as much time as they might wish for speculative, creative thinking, but they will find an atmosphere of intellectual vitality in which they will be able to broaden and deepen their perspectives. The year that awaits them will be rich in many rewards. They should emerge from it refreshed and invigorated. From their experience, both they and the Service should benefit.

The only thing to be regretted is that the unique advantages of the Senior Officers' Course can be offered to only a handful of officers each year. Increasing its size would sacrifice the intimate individual participation and the flexibility, distinguishing features which played so great a part in its success. Those chosen to participate are a truly privileged group.

At FSI's Senior Officer graduation ceremony: C. Douglas Dillon, Loy W. Henderson, Harold B. Hoskins, Willard F. Barber, President Eisenhower.

Shipments of Wheat

• • • THE burden of western help for Yemen falls on the Americans. . . . An American legation recently joined the growing diplomatic corps in Taiz, and the Imam's first move towards regaining his balance was a request for shipments of wheat from the United States to relieve famine-stricken areas of his country. Unlike the episode in "The Ugly American," when communist agents labeled American wheat "Gift of Russia," these sacks were clearly marked "Gift of the United States." When later, the Russians sent a donation of wheat they sent it in unmarked sacks, and the Yemenis thought it was further help from the United States.—From the London ECONOMIST, July 25, 1959.

Service Glimpses

1. Mexico City. Attending the conference of the United States Consular Officers in Mexico were (left to right), seated: Consul General Robert C. Martindale, Consul General John F. Killea, Consul General Robert F. Hale, Minister and DCM Cecil W. Gray, General Joseph M. Swing, Ambassador Robert C. Hill, John W. Hanes, Jr., Career Minister Rolland Welch, V. Harwood Blocker, Supervising Consul General Cartwright, and Colonel Leland Hewitt; standing, Consul Walter L. Nelson, Executive Consul Horn, Rodger C. Abraham, Consul George D. Whittinghill, Jack A. Herfurt, Consul Nona L. Gardiner, Consul Ben Zweig, Consul General Louis Mason Drury, Consul Neil L. Parks, Counselor for Administration William D. Wright, Consul William A. Mitchell, Consul Terrance G. Leonhardy, Consul Harriet C. Thurgood, Vice Consul David W. Burgoon, Jr., Consul George B. Palmer, Consul James W. Boyd, Consul J. Crawford Brooks, Melville E. Osborne, Antonio Certosimo, Consul Robert L. Shuler, Gerald G. Jones, Consul Francis M. Withey, Charles J. Beechie, Consul Hugh H. Whitaker, Vice Consul Leland W. Warner, Consul Virgil E. Pritchard, and Vice Consul Gershenson.

1.

2. Newfoundland. Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth is greeted by Consul General William H. Christensen upon her arrival at Ernest Harmon Air Force Base, on her recent visit to Canada and the United States.

2.

3. Tegucigalpa. Attending a dinner party given in the home of Consul Paul S. Dwyer, in honor of Dr. Salomon Trevino, Director of the Spanish Language School of the Foreign Service Institute in Mexico, are the following alumni and the Director of the school (from left to right): James E. Kerr, Jr., James Cunningham, Dr. Salomon Trevino, Lawrence Eagleburger, Morris Kaufman, and Paul S. Dwyer.

4. Oberammergau. Relaxing after graduation from Detachment "R" (advanced Russian language and area training), Constantin Krylov, Captain Karl Moore, FSO J. T. Kendrick, Lt. Colonel Charles L. Flanders, and FSO Samuel G. Wise.

5. Auckland. The 49-star flag, perhaps (because of the time difference) the first to be flown, July 4, 1959, was raised in a ceremony at the Auckland Domain (park). Attending, left to right: John W. Rowe, Consul George M. Fennemore, Dr. Andrew W. Dunn, Noel R. Knutson, and Joseph H. Goding.

6. Washington. Foreign Service sons are pictured at graduation exercises of the Longfellow School for Boys in Bethesda. Left to right: Christopher Melby (son of FSO Everett K. Melby), Lower School graduate and recipient of award for highest average in Lower School; Headmaster Reese L. Sewell; Ronald Renchard (son of FSO George W. Renchard), Lower School graduate; Richard Mueller (son of FSO Walter J. Mueller), recipient of award for highest average in Upper School.

7. Dakar. The Honorable Joseph C. Satterthwaite was honored at a reception at the residence of Consul General Dumont. Pictured from left to right: Mr. Leon Boissier-Palun, Senator from Senegal to the Community; Mr. Leopold Senghor, President of the Assembly of the Federation of Mali; Mr. Satterthwaite; Mr. Mamadou Dia, Prime Minister of the State of Senegal; Consul General Dumont.

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WASHINGTON LETTER

by Gwen BARROWS

"Advise and Consent"

By far the most talked-about book in Washington for months to come, we estimate, will be Allen Drury's almost contemporary novel, "Advise and Consent."

The story opens with the President's 'phone call to the Senate Majority Leader, Robert Munson, urging quick confirmation of Robert A. Leffingwell as Secretary of State, and from the outset the reader is given a three-dimensional view into the lives and actions of Washington's diplomats and Senators, Representatives and party-giving hostesses, reporters, and in fact into government life at all levels in this government town.

For Americans living in other lands this will be a refresher course in the art of politics as practiced in the World's greatest capital. For Washingtonians it will serve to accent unexplored shadows and high-light the familiar and intricate scene.

Written by the NEW YORK TIMES correspondent for the Senate it has more authenticity than a mere recital of theory or facts. It has, in fact, the flavor of the "Congressional Record," and seems almost as human, and as voluminous.

Roscoe Drummond, who has reported on the political scene here for the past twenty years and is columnist for the NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE wrote in the "Book-of-the-Month Club "News":

" 'Advise and Consent' is strong enough for anybody. Its strength is its honest, responsible, sensitive portrayal of the way our Government works, of the close-bond fraternity of the Senate, of the Senate's independence and jealousy of the White House, of the vast powers of the Presidency when they are put to use, for good purposes or bad.

"Young gander ready for flight" by Morris Graves

"Mr. Drury has not written his novel either to praise our way of government or to bury it. As the wife of one of his principal characters reflects, politics is 'neither as good nor as evil' as people say. The mirror which Mr. Drury holds up to our precious processes of democracy may not be held at exactly the angle you or I would hold it. But it is a faithful mirror. Mr. Drury is a talented guide to Washington, and 'Advise and Consent' takes us on the grand tour."

"Bicycle Rider" by Dean Richardson (Fulbright painter).

Quite possibly the finest book about Washington in decades, "Advise and Consent" will long be discussed both here and overseas. Next month we will publish a review of it by one of our Editorial Board members, in The Bookshelf.

Foreign Service Academy

By August much of the shouting had quieted down, and as Congress geared itself for its final spurt it appeared that active enthusiasm for a Foreign Service Academy had greatly diminished, despite the large number of bills submitted on the subject early this year, as reported in our April issue.

Still stalwart in its defense, however, were both Representative O'Brien (D., N. Y.) and Senator Symington (D., Missouri).

In a two-page article in THIS WEEK magazine early in August the Senator from Missouri detailed his reasons for urging an academy, which like West Point, Annapolis, and the Air Force Academy would charge no tuition and where entrance would be by competitive examination. His arguments centered largely around the present inadequacy of language training and he wrote:

"Our representatives don't understand other cultures. Western thinking and standards just don't go over in some

of the important countries of Asia and Africa whose cultures have existed for thousands of years, and have developed differently from ours . . .

"Because they have been inadequately schooled in the language and culture of the country, our representatives live an isolated life, associating mostly with other Americans. The shifting winds of popular sentiment do not reach them. Our embassy in Baghdad did not know of last year's coup in Iraq, for example, until it was well under way.

"In contrast, the Russians are making a planned, determined effort to develop the most linguistically proficient diplomatic corps in the world. In Russian elementary and secondary schools foreign languages are compulsory. . . .

"These Russian foreign-service personnel are thoroughly grounded in the culture and economy of those countries, are 'experts' before they arrive.

"For some time the Soviets have had an Institute of Foreign Relations supervised by their Ministry of Foregin Affairs. This Institute is the principal source of their future diplomats. Enrollment is around 1,000; the course is six years long. In the third year students begin to specialize in the problems of a particular area. In the final years they study intensively the country to which they have been assigned.

"The United States does have some institutions for training diplomats. . . . But these programs are uncoordinated and casual compared to the training efforts behind the Iron Curtain. It will take years to develop a comparable task force of trained American representatives. But we can and should begin that preparation now. That is why I introduced in the Senate last January 9, a bill to establish such an Academy, stating; 'The ultimate future of the world, whether it is to be free or slave, will not be settled on the battlefields, but rather in the minds of men.' "

"Les Meules" by Gauguin

San Francisco Ballet, in Libya

From our own talks and researches we gather that at the present moment language and area training available in the U.S. is as good or better than that available in Russia's planned society. There seems, however, to be a lack of coordination and a lack of communication between areas which need services and the colleges, and there continues to be a considerable body of opinion in favor of a Foreign Service Academy, not at college level as Senator Symington proposed, but at post-graduate level.

More Rain—and Mops

Due, no doubt, to the aptness of our suggestions last month of how to cope with the rains, we were informed by one of our leg-men-about-town of how profitable the rains can be.

It happened during the second week-end in August, she said, when boats had to be used in some parts of Washington because of the flooding rains. Out Wisconsin Avenue, at Lord & Taylor's handsome new edifice which is due to be completed this month, the flooding was serious, so serious that it became necessary to summon the regular workers, Hod carriers and Common Laborers, to come in armed with funnels, sponges and mops.

Mopping, we were told, is a legitimate labor for members of the International Hod Carriers and Common Laborers and is paid for normally at $2.42 an hour. Since Saturdays and Sundays are not "normal," however, mopping came under the usual double-time pay, $4.85 an hour.

Our friend moaned because one of her student friends on the project had been away in the country and had theoretically lost $70, in week-end pay. Furthermore, she insisted, the mop she herself had been wielding at home suddenly looked too long-handled and bulky.

Giants

In recent years statistics have indicated that California's (and Florida's) oranges have helped greatly to nurture humans of greater height than have been seen since the days of the earlier cliff dwellers.

But in Washington such statistics are properly ignored. Purporting to be the ultimate in thoughtful provision for its customers, and announced in honeyed tone, a radio advertisement recently wheedled potential buyers thusly:

"In *our* car you can wear a hat—even if you *are* more than five feet tall."

25 years ago

by JAMES B. STEWART

Husband-Wife Team in Guaymas

IN HER "Washington Letter" for June, Gwen Barrows quotes Senator Stennis who lauded the effective husband-wife teams working together overseas. The September, 1934, JOURNAL tells of one such team: "Mrs. Guy W. Ray, wife of Vice-Consul Ray, principal officer at this post, narrowly escaped death recently when she was bitten either by two rattlesnakes or twice by the same snake. Mr. and Mrs. Ray made a trip to San Carlos Bay, some ten miles from Guaymas, where an American herpetologist was camping. . . . Mr. Ray spent a busy few minutes sucking blood from the three fingers affected. Mrs. Ray is now well on the road to recovery. . . ."

Comment, 1959: In 1950 Guy was Counselor of Embassy in Mexico City. He died there that year after a long illness.

Guns and Ruffles

The September 1934 JOURNAL contains an article entitled "Official Visits to United States Naval Vessels" prepared by Consul C. T. Steger. Included is the following list of honors paid to civilian officials. This list was copied from the United States Navy Regulations.

Rank	Guns	Ruffles	Music
President	21	4	Nat. A.
Ex-President	21	4	March
Vice-President	19	4	March
Ambassador	19	4	Nat. A.
Cabinet Officer	19	4	March
Chief Justice	17	4	March
Envoy Extra. & Minister Plen.	15	3	March
Minister Resident or Dip. Rep.	13	2	March
Chargé d'Affaires	11	1	March
Consul General	11	0	0
1st Sec. Legation or Emb.	0	0	0
Consul	7	0	0
Vice Consul or agent where only United States representative	5	0	0

Page Emily Post!

Extracts from the "Literal Translation" of a Certain Country's Travel Circular from the September 1934 JOURNAL:

"In the steamer a person in the first and second class must keep fine clothes when lunching.

"It is a great shame to be seen with slippers and with night gown on the deck in the presence of high-standing men and women.

"Every day or every two days one must have a bath. When in the bathroom one must close strongly from inside.

"It is not right in any place to wrap your head with your clothes or cover your nose. . . .

"It is a great shame to sit before high-standing persons. When you are talking with a high-standing man show yourself as if you are happy, and speak with him smiling.

"Whether in the government or in a factory, if there is anything to be seen, do not look to be seen by others as if you are quite a stranger by seeing the subject.

"Take your coffee or soup when it is cool without a slightest noise, but it is out of order to take it with noise.

"It is not right to cry loudly when you talk with a gentlemen, but slowly and smoothly, and when laughing it is not right to laugh loudly to be heard outside, but a slight smile, showing the teeth."

Music in Vienna

"Vienna and Music! These have been inseparable from the earliest times. Since the beginning of the 17th Century the greatest musicians and composers have made an unbroken chain down to the present day.

"It is to Ferdinand III and Leopold I, both of them composers, that Vienna owed her early fame for music. Maria Theresa, too, was passionately fond of music and the theatre and encouraged composers and players in every way. With her reign began a series of illustrious musicians; Gluck, the teacher of Marie Antoinette, being the first of the line. Then came Mozart, who produced his best works in Vienna, and Beethoven, who took lessons from him. . . .

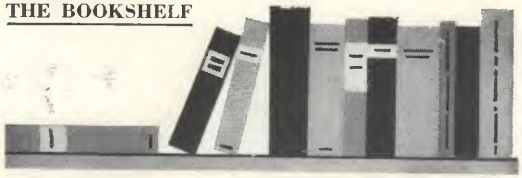
"Later came Schubert, who was born in Vienna, 1797, Czerny, a pupil of Beethoven and of Mozart, and a teacher of Liszt, Joseph Lanner, Johann Strauss, Edward Strauss, Rubenstein, Schumann, Hummel, Brahms, and Leschetizky, Alfred Grunfeld, Richard Strauss, and others."—IDAH S. FOSTER in the September 1934 JOURNAL.

Born to Diplomatic Secretary and Mrs. Gerald A. Drew at Port-au-Prince, on November 30, 1933, a daughter, Judith.

Comment, 1959: Judith was married September 30, 1956, to James R. Wilkinson, III, son of the late Consul General James R. Wilkinson. They reside at 2500 Que St., Washington, D. C. Judith's father is now our Ambassador to Haiti. There are two other daughters: Deirdre Elizabeth, Mrs. Robert E. M. Dubose, born in 1932, also at Port-au-Prince, and Joan, Mrs. Norman Sweet, born in 1935 in San José, Costa Rica. Cheers for their Mother, Doris!

Polo in Moscow

"What is said to have been the first polo match in the Soviet Union was played in Moscow on July 26, with Ambassador William C. Bullitt as umpire, and Charles Thayer, former West Pointer, and now member of the Embassy staff, as one of the players. With this exception the players on both teams were all members of the Soviet Army. Following the match M. Litvinoff, Army chiefs and the players were invited to the American Embassy for a celebration of the match." (September, 1934, JOURNAL).



American Education Today

By CHARLES C. ADAMS

FROM OPPORTUNITY for direct observation of school systems abroad, the Foreign Service parent is pretty likely to have some pronounced views to contribute to the ubiquitous discussion on the merits and failures of the American educational system. Whether or not infected by the notion that some aspects of the complex matter may perhaps be better arranged elsewhere, anyone managing a child's transposition to a foreign school must have formed ideas at least as to methods appearing to procure superior results.

How the developing school establishment in the United States is to procure superior results is—broadly speaking—the common topic of these three books, otherwise comparable only in respect to degree of optimism implied. Dr. Conant's concise report on the "comprehensive high school" reviews briefly the characteristics of American education but deals principally with the statistical basis for his belief in the significance of a uniquely American institution and the importance of improving it by the adoption of a few recommended changes. His expressed attitude toward the central controversies of knowledge versus *expertise*, ability grouping, accelerated tempos, etc., is, at most, cautious.

The report made public a few weeks ago by the President's Science Advisory Committee offered as one of its major conclusions the suggestion that American schools and colleges must re-examine their curricula to make sure each is giving adequate intellectual challenge to its students. A lay explanation of a child's more rapid progress in a European system is simply that much more is expected, and required, of him. Both Admiral Rickover and Professor Jones indicate apprehension for this country's continuing as a great and free nation without revision of its academic goals. Their concerns for the future are divergent but not contradictory. Admiral Rickover, especially, whether or not citing Soviet education as the example, deplores the proliferation of non-academic courses designed to adjust children to life at the expense of opportunity to achieve fundamental intellectual skills and disciplines. His book is an amplification of speeches made during the period when his assignment to build the first nuclear power plant for naval use made it necessary for him to create a working group of highly educated specialists. His reference is, accordingly, largely to the need for pursuing higher standards for technological training, but the theme is a general broadside at the theory that the aims of education properly are to modify behavior rather than to impart knowledge.

Professor Jones, by contrast, makes a careful explanation of the contribution of scholarship and learning in the humanities to reason, knowledge and life, a prominent assertion being that concentration on technology overlooks the fact that the inevitable element in leadership is the moral quality. His analysis of a cultural imbalance existing in the United States leads into a systematic appraisal of the achievements of humane scholarship in inducing judgments as to values. His subject is largely the scholar, rather than the teacher or the school. Like Admiral Rickover, Professor Jones plainly has faith in the educated man but only a shaken confidence in the extent of the American success in affording opportunities for a sufficient number of young citizens to become that.

"The American High School Today" by James B. Conant, McGraw-Hill. 140 pages, paper back $1.00.

"Our Great Society" by Howard Mumford Jones, Harcourt, Brace & Co. 241 pages, $4.50.

"Education and Freedom" by H. G. Rickover, E. P. Dutton & Co. 249 pages, $3.50.

Decade in Europe, *by Barrett McGurn. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, pp.* 281. $5.00.

Reviewed by JOHN H. BURNS

IT SEEMS now to be standard procedure for any correspondent on a foreign assignment to write a book as soon as his by-line has become well enough known to attract a publisher and the fortunate consequence has been a documentation of current events unknown before World War II. Mr. McGurn's addition to this series is as good as most, and better than many.

In his narrative, the author ranges through North Africa, Italy, France, Egypt, Hungary and back to Italy, employing a readable, reportorial style, and avoiding any temptation to be profound. Foreign Service readers will be familiar with most of the events of which Mr. McGurn writes but his personal comments and some of the incidents recounted—frequently humorous—keep his material from ever becoming dull.

The fact that in the chapter devoted to Hungary he repeatedly refers to Minister Edward T. "Wales" may raise doubt in some minds about the carefulness of his observation, or of the editing of the book.

The most rewarding section is that devoted to the Vatican and here the warmth of Mr. McGurn's writing reveals something more than the reporter. Since he is now again in Rome perhaps a more scholarly volume may come next from his pen.

Two Notable Contributions

By G. Bernard Noble

Here are two notable contributions to the literature of our diplomatic relations. Though they are quite different in approach, both have literary merit, and both are perceptive studies on our diplomacy.

Mr. Halle's volume follows his "Choice for Survival" and his "Civilization and Foreign Policy," in which, after examining our nuclear posture and the challenges to our civilization, be cautiously explores the alternatives of policy that lie ahead, without too great assurance of a happy ending. In this book he approaches his subject with a degree of informed skepticism, based on wide reading and much first-hand experience in the Department of State. By "Dream and Reality" reference is made to the dreams of our people throughout the years of a Utopian isolation from the conflicts of the Old World, as contrasted with the reality of our involvement in those conflicts from our early beginnings as a people to the present.

Mr. Halle explores this opposition between "fact and legend," which runs throughout our history, and explains it with piquant examples, in terms of the human factor that lies behind all foreign policy. Recognizing the complexities of the problem, and the shortcomings of human nature, he looks at his subject, as he says, "with irony and pity, and with occasional admiration." He regards none too highly the conduct of foreign policy in this or any other country, but, recognizing the extreme difficulty of the task, he thinks it is somewhat like a dog walking on his hind legs. We congratulate the dog, even for doing it badly.

Mr. Halle subjects our relations with the Far East to the most searching analysis, and he says he has carefully explored the sources on our acquisition of the Philippines. This case study, in his opinion, provides an excellent illustration of a common defect of diplomacy—the failure to take careful thought in advance of action.

Halle observes that it took World Wars I and II to destroy the "legend" of isolation, and it took the Cold War to disabuse us of our contempt for "power politics" (alliances, etc.) as a means of preserving the peace. The year 1947, he says, with its Truman Doctrine, marks the advent of more realistic thinking in our foreign policy.

In spite of this closer approach to truth and reality in our foreign policy, Mr. Halle views the future with a degree of alarm. Human nature (being what it is), he says, tends to divide mankind into "two species, the good people and the bad," rather than viewing the world, even the Soviet sector, as made up of "human beings in a predicament."

Even democracies fall into decadence. Wisdom is possessed by a remarkably few. Leaders tend to become followers, and bureaucracies are uncreative and mindless. The remedy? By raising the "level of wisdom," even from .7 to .9 percent, we might save our civilization.

Mr. Halle, in very readable prose, has given us fair warning.

DREAM AND REALITY, by Louis J. Halle. Harper and Brothers, New York; 327 *pp.;* $5.00.
AMERICAN DIPLOMACY: A History, by Robert H. Ferrell. W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., New York. 576 *pp.,* $0.00.

Woodcut by Gerhard Marcks for hand-press edition of Thomas Merton's "The Tower of Babel" published by New Directions, New York.

Dr. Ferrell's "American Diplomacy" is a highly readable and relatively brief textbook covering the major historical aspects of our diplomatic relations. It is based on a wide knowledge of memoirs, diaries, biographies, monographs, standard historical treatises, and other sources, primary and secondary. Practically every chapter is followed by an excellent critical bibliography and there is also a useful index.

The volume is not a mere chronicle of events. It is generally analytical and interpretative. It is also occasionally provocative, though Dr. Ferrell is not too hard on our expansionist policies. Our war with Mexico he regards as a war of aggression, but "the result of the war was good." Our acquisition of the Philippines was "unwise," but perhaps it "could not have been humanly avoided." Those who disparage our "imperialism" in the Caribbean ignore the "strategic reasons" and "the humanitarian reasons" for our intervention.

Dr. Ferrell is no revisionist in interpreting World War I or World War II. It was German submarine warfare, he says, not the merchants-of-death or the bankers, that got us into World War I. As to World War II, although there was "some color of untruthfulness" in Roosevelt's words during the "undeclared war" of 1941, he affirms that we did not enter it through the "back door" of Pearl Harbor. Roosevelt did not "plan it that way." Neither the facts nor common sense, he says, support such a view.

Dr. Ferrell sees a diplomatic revolution in the post-war world, resulting from an "understanding" on the Russian and American sides of the "unbearably destructive" character of nuclear warfare. The best hope of the West is to maintain its power of deterrence in order to avoid war until Soviet suspicions cool, so that the world can turn again to problems of peaceful living.

Dr. Ferrell seems to be somewhat less disturbed than Mr. Halle over past developments and current trends, but neither author looks to the future with reassuring confidence. Both books can be read with profit.

"Perceptive and Witty Pages"

By ANDOR KLAY

THIS BOOK "about being an American in these times," but mostly about being Thomas Griffith in these times, is many things other than what its none too felicitous title suggests—and all of it first-rate: autobiography, political analysis, social study, TIME editor's diary, public affairs manual, cultural critique, and much else besides. It is not another hand-wringing assessment of the State of the Union, rooted in post-Sputnik near-masochism. Its challenging, sometimes devastating, always perceptive and witty pages often reflect a basic optimism, and while it abounds in powerful lessons, it is never professorial. Compounded of virtuosity of writing and virility of thinking, it is a brilliant exercise.

Griffith does not hesitate to shake a fist as he views the scene at home, in Europe, and in the world, but a sense of balance and proportion generally prevails as he judges "dyspeptic critics who match us against the best of all past cultures" and "jaunty moderns who consider improvements in plumbing a conclusive test of progress." He considers that "we are moving forward at twice the speed of sound but half the speed of sense;" that "out of our riches has come a kind of poverty, [that] of speed and saturation and a bewilderment of attractions." But he stresses that "much of [anti-Americanism's] vigor comes not from what is amiss in us but from what is awry in the circumstances of others," that "we have not exhausted, only neglected the range of possibilities inside our order," and advocates that we should "continue to plant trees and educate men." A thought-provoking section of the book is that in which the author discusses the Russians and ourselves in terms of the realities of yesterday and today, bringing forth a number of sane and reassuring conclusions.

The book leaves this reader with the thought that a national culture which can produce at this time and at its best an observer like this and a book like this, can be neither doomed nor negligible.

THE WAIST-HIGH CULTURE, by Thomas Griffith, Harper & Bros.; New York; pp. 275; $4.00.

"Antarctic Assault"

By DANIEL J. MELOY

THIS IS a vigorously written personal account of Antarctic adventure by a Navy man whose experience began in 1947 with "Operation Windmill" and has continued through all three "Deep Freeze" operations. The 1947 expedition, named for the helicopters which were used extensively for the first time in the Antarctic, was to establish ground control points for mapping in the vast southern area. The "Deep Freeze" operations, in 1955-56, 1956-57 and 1957-58, were expeditions to the Antarctic to prepare bases for our scientific observations there during the International Geophysical Year of 1957-58.

Commander Frazier tells a graphic story of the ships, planes, tractors, and the men who control them. They penetrate through stormy seas and barriers of ice to the Antarctic Continent, and then overcome the tremendous obstacles which confront skilled and brave men and even the best of mid-20th century machines in operating on the continent itself. Patience, Commander Frazier says, is an especially important virtue in the Antarctic.

The story is, perhaps intentionally, a tribute to Rear Admiral George Dufek, who succeeded Admiral Byrd in charge of our Antarctic operations, and under whom Commander Frazier served.

Excellent official Navy photographs illustrate the book. There is an end-paper map of the Antarctic which would be even more useful to the reader if it contained more of the place names mentioned by the author.

ANTARCTIC ASSAULT, by Commander Paul W. Frazier, USN; Dodd, Mead and Company, New York, pp. 237. $4.00.

"Taine's Notes on England"

Translated by Edward Hyams, Essential Books, Inc., Fair Lawn, New Jersey, 1958, 296 *pp.*, $6.00.

Reviewed by WILLIAM R. TYLER

AN ENGLISH friend to whom I had given this book to read said to me with a nostalgic sigh: "How true it all is, and how I regret that it is no longer so." Taine went to England as a sociologist of his time might have gone to Africa: to study the tribal customs and fetishes of an unknown continent. With considerable sympathy and frequently penetrating analysis, he illustrates the inexplicable with a wealth of anecdotes which are far more revealing than the statistics he marshals. When contrasts between his own country and England defy his powers of description, he has recourse to suggestive, though not always gallant, analogies, e.g., in comparing the charms of the fair sex in England with those of his countrywomen:

> "Imagine a very beautiful rosy peach, moderately well-flavored, beside an aromatic strawberry full of high flavor."

His account of the political values and procedures of a constitutional monarchy is not devoid of generosity and even envy. He suggests implicitly why de Tocqueville's analysis of parliamentary democracy could not be a practical political guide for France. All in all, the British as he saw them live on in our own times in spite of changed circumstances—a source of wonder to all Frenchmen, as in "Les Carnets du Major Thompson," and as Henry James defined them: "A decent and dauntless people."

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AROUND THE WORLD!

★ *Indianapolis*

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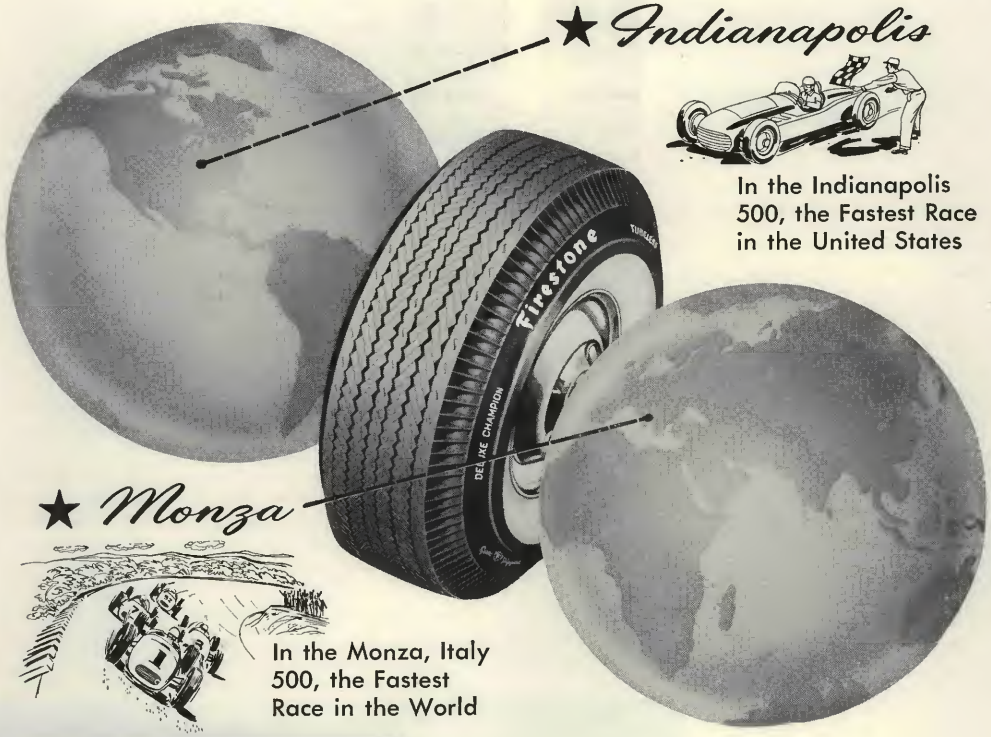

★ *Monza*

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and Prove They are Safest for Your Car

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For your safety equip your car with Safety-Proved Firestone tires today.

Firestone International and Interamerica Companies, Akron 17, Ohio, U.S.A.

Book jacket illustration of "The Complete Journal of Townsend Harris" (Charles Tuttle, Tokyo)

Nehru and Democracy

By BENJAMIN A. FLECK

As DR. SMITH points out in the final chapter of this book, Jawaharlal Nehru is primarily a politician rather than a political philosopher. In his writings and speeches, Nehru has been more concerned with the practical problems of building a nation than with spelling out in any logical or schematic fashion his political philosophy. This being the case, Dr. Smith has performed a valuable service in attempting to select and arrange in logical order Nehru's thoughts in the realm of political and economic theory and the latter's efforts to apply them to the realities of contemporary India. Nehru's conception of democracy goes far beyond any narrow political definition of the term. As a result, Dr. Smith's study contains sections dealing with Nehru's ideas concerning the preservation of fundamental rights of the individual citizen, freedom of the press, "economic democracy," land reform, and the concept of the secular state, as well as a chronological account of the development of these ideas throughout Nehru's career.

A glaring omission is the lack of any reference to, or discussion of, Nehru's views concerning the role of the Communist Party in democratic India. One explanation for this omission might be that, although it was published in India a year ago, Dr. Smith's study appears to have been completed in 1956, prior to the Communist gains in the 1957 general elections, which included the election to office of a Communist government in the state of Kerala. The value of the book is reduced, therefore, by its failure to consider the effects on Nehru's thinking of these and other important developments of the last two years. Nevertheless, it is useful as a reference guide to Nehru's thinking on domestic issues prior to 1957.

NEHRU AND DEMOCRACY, The Political Thought of an Asian Democrat. By Donald E. Smith. Orient Longmans Private Ltd., Calcutta. 194 *pages Rs.* 9/-.

PILOT PROJECT, INDIA

by R. SMITH SIMPSON

A CONDENSED AND lively account of rural development at Etawah, Uttar Pradesh. What Rochdale is to the world's cooperative movement, and the Tennessee Valley to integrated social development of watershed resources, Etawah has become to the vitalization of peasant life. Since Albert Mayer, an American architect and town and rural planner of vigorous imagination, played an important part in the catalyzation of Etawah, his book provides not only an excellent account of Etawah but of personal diplomacy in vital form. Perhaps, therefore, those of us who are professional diplomatists stand to gain from such experiences greater insight in the essence of our craft as it must be practiced — if it is to be practiced successfully — in the twentieth century. Competence and sincerity, experience and boldness of imagination won Mayer the trust of Jawaharlal Nehru as well as Govind Ballabh Pant, the vibrant Chief Minister of Uttar Pradesh, and innumerable other Indians, and thus enabled this citizen of another country to make an early and vital contribution. To one who has lived in India there is much that is familiar in this story, but through the collaboration of McKim Marriott of the University of Chicago and Richard L. Park of the University of California, this particular account of it has gained a broad framework of social and anthropological perspective. The movement to raise the living levels of vast rural masses is one of enormous importance in Asia and Africa. It has gained much from Etawah and so thorough and readable a presentation of the project is in itself a real contribution to the movement.

"PILOT PROJECT, INDIA" by Albert Mayer and Associates in collaboration with McKim Marriott and Richard Park. University of California Press, Berkeley, 338 *pages,* $5.50.

Pavement Curio Shop, India
by Darshan Lall

"Crisis" in International Law

"Law in Diplomacy," *by Percy E. Corbett. Princeton University Press, Princeton, New Jersey,* 1959, 278 *pages,* $6.00.

"The Common Law of Mankind," *by C. Wilfred Jenks. Published under the Auspices of the London Institute of World Affairs, Frederick A. Praeger, New York,* 1958, 442 *pages,* $6.00.

Reviewed by BARBARA B. BURN

BOTH of these books are concerned with the current crisis of international law: Is traditional international law, as developed prior to World War Two, effective and valid in the contemporary international community with its drastically changed character and problems? Both books well merit the attention of Foreign Service readers.

Professor Corbett's eminently readable study analyzes the application by the U.S., U.K. and U.S.S.R. of international law in their foreign policies, and selects for special scrutiny territorial waters, arbitration, international organization and human rights. He concludes that state sovereignty remains a basic fact in inter-State relations, and that "while this is so, governments will not assume in practice a position of general subjection to a law of nations." Although governments respect international law on routine matters, in a conflict between international obligations and a state's vital interests, the latter prevail. While Professor Corbett describes the gradual erosion of sovereignty through increasing delegation to international agencies of functions which states cannot themselves effectively handle, he is no optimist with comfortable faith in the ineluctable development of world government, and concludes his study by emphasizing the need for legal analysis of conditions which foster or discourage the submission by states to international norms.

DR. JENKS, Assistant Director General of the International Labor Organization, is concerned with two major aspects of the contemporary crisis in international law: its adaptation to a far broader and more diversified society of states than that in which it was originally developed, and its applications to the new interests, attitudes, and issues of this society. In analyzing the universality of international law and its evolution into "the common law of mankind," Dr. Jenks squarely confronts the problem of determining a consensus of general principles from the varied legal systems of common and civil law, Hindu and Chinese law, Jewish and Islamic law, African and Soviet law. How can international law take into account new concepts of justice and human rights, the influence of Keynesian economics on economic policies of states, the continuing problems of self-determination, the impact of international organization and European integration? How can international law develop to handle the status of space, Antarctica, and the wide range of problems resulting from the development of nuclear fission?

Dr. Jenks has illuminated a formidable set of problems, and in so doing has demonstrated in expert fashion the merits of his concluding topic—the role which legal craftsmanship can and must play in adapting and interpreting international law today.

Ghana Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah congratulates top student Elizabeth Dunlap, daughter of USIS PAO Henry Dunlap.

Letter from Ghana

by Marian Kirchwehm

PRIME MINISTER Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana is a busy man. Last December, he was especially preoccupied, not only with the All-African Peoples' Conference in Accra, which he hosted, but also with preparations for his state visit to India. There were many matters of state which took his time; Dr. Nkrumah, for example, personally presented to the Parliament a motion asking for acceptance of the agreement he had signed in November with Guinea's Sekou Touré, calling for a Ghana-Guinea union.

Despite his wide-flung activities, the Prime Minister, one bright and sunny December morning, took time to welcome a group of American women to Government House, the picturesque 17th century Danish castle where Ghana's top statesman works and lives. Flashbulbs glittered and popped and reporters scribbled busily as Dr. Nkrumah greeted the ladies with his warm smile.

When he had first heard of their request to see him, and when he learned the details, he exclaimed, "Wonderful, I will personally see to the press coverage for this visit."

He was as good as his word.

What was it all about?

Simply, the ladies had come to present to Dr. Nkrumah, on behalf of the American Women's Association of Ghana,* a check for £1,000 (about $2,800), to be used for charities in Ghana.

Several months earlier, a group of American women, members of the American Women's Association of Accra, had wrestled with the problem of putting on foot a project in Ghana which would show, by example, some of the things that women in America do for community welfare, which would help to stimulate Ghana's ingenious and energetic womenfolk to undertake activities which might provide tangible benefits to their communities.

Obviously, the event had to be a striking one, else it would be lost in the shuffle of the numerous community-development activities that are commonplace in Ghana. And just as obviously, the event would have to earn some money, for it had already been decided that proceeds would go to Ghana charities.

And so it was decided to launch an American-style carnival—the first ever to be held in Ghana.

Mrs. Flake, wife of the American Ambassador, appointed Mrs. Peter Rutter, wife of the Counselor of Embassy, as Chairman of the project. Committees were formed, heretofore hidden talents proliferated. It was discovered that Fran Adams of Embassy Personnel and Jean Robinson of ICA could tell fortunes, and John Blodgett, Archie Lang and Marine Sgt. Robert Carlsen offered their talents as bartenders. Mrs. John Taylor agreed to prepare hot dogs, hamburgers and chili, and Earl Link, already near-famous in Ghana for his superb and booming bass singing voice, took over advertising.

Still, there were many things lacking: a snake charmer, booths, games of chance, music, raffles, pop corn. There was also very little money and this shortage quickly became acute when it was discovered that about $28.00 worth of wood would be needed for each booth. The ladies promptly

*The American Women's Association of Accra is made up of about 50 women, wives of U. S. officials and businessmen in Ghana. It is an outgrowth of the Embassy Wives Club which in April of 1958 decided to expand to include all American women in Ghana. Although present membership is over 50, there are seldom more than 35 of the members on hand at one time, because of leaves, transfers and vacations.

contacted American companies in Ghana to ask their help in obtaining the necessary wood, and to ask for contributions of prizes for the carnival. Many of the companies responded generously, and soon the gardens of the Embassy Residence, where the carnival was to be held, were littered with wood. But the booths still had to be built. Enter the husbands, especially the men employed by the Texaco Company in Ghana, led by their Director, Herbert Baldwin.

The ladies wrote to American cosmetics firms, described the carnival project and requested samples of products which could be used as prizes at the various booths. These samples proved extremely popular with prize-winners at the carnival.

The American women themselves made hundreds of prizes. Outstanding among these were the colorful dolls made of bright scraps of cloth which hung on many a booth the night of the carnival. The dolls represented hundreds of hours of sewing by a small and skillful band of American women here. All of the dolls were quickly selected as prizes by lucky winners.

It was found that almost all of the necessary foodstuffs could be procured locally. Everything except hot dogs. But then, what is a carnival without hot dogs? The ladies got them, 80 pounds of them, in the U.S., and they were shipped to Ghana free of charge.

While there are plenty of snakes in Ghana, even in Ghana snake charmers are somewhat rare. But this did not deter the carnival Chairman. She went to palaver with the Haussa traders who sell their wares in front of the Accra YMCA. Could they find a snake charmer for the carnival? Maybe. But could they? It might be possible. How? We will see. And so it went, back and forth, amiable but unhurried, at least on the Haussa side. And on carnival night, outside the snake charmer's booth there was a continuous line, and inside, spectators were held spell-bound by a python and a crocodile, and a man who charmed both.

Meanwhile, brightly painted signs had been posted throughout Accra and projected on the screens of the movie houses. Automobiles, American, Ghanaian, and British, suddenly blossomed forth with bright red banderoles advertising the carnival. The American airline in Ghana had the

Prime Minister Nkrumah accepts check from Mrs. June Sheridan, president of the Accra Women's Association. Mrs. Wilson Flake, wife of American Ambassador is at far right; at left are Mrs. Jean Raldwin and Mrs. Peter Rutter.

banderoles designed and printed in Lisbon, flew them into Accra, and donated a number of their flight bags as prizes.

Local newspapers ran several stories and the national radio chipped in with a number of spot announcements.

Prime Minister Nkrumah agreed to be patron of the carnival, but the press of official duties prevented him from attending, as he had planned.

Finally, the day of the carnival came, a cloud-smirched Sunday which threatened rain. But it didn't rain, and at five in the afternoon, when Mrs. Flake inaugurated the carnival, the sun glittered on the instruments of the Ghana Police Band and cast a warm and reassuring glow over the gaily-decorated booths and stands.

Only a few score people saw the opening. But a few hours later, beneath the balloons and the multi-colored lights, an eager crowd—Ghanaians, Americans, British, and Africans from other countries who had stayed on in Accra after the All-African Peoples' Conference—thronged the gardens.

As the evening wore on, visitors continued to pour in, cheerfully paying the five shilling (about $.70) admission. Many high officials attended. Ghana's Governor-General, the Earl, Lord of Listowel, came with Lady Listowel, and the sight of the Queen's personal envoy to Ghana and his Lady intently trying for prizes was perhaps symbolic of the carnival—a night of fun and informality for all concerned.

Acting Chief Justice W. B. Van Lare and Finance Minister K. A. Ghedemah were also on hand and, like other visitors, they tried their luck at some of the games and unconsciously kept time to the background music of a local Hi-Life orchestra.

Surveying the booths, the crowds, the music, a young reporter from the Ghana News Agency burst out: "You know, we've never seen anything like this. It is quite wonderful. They ought to have a carnival every week!"

Long before the carnival closed at midnight, the hot dogs, hamburgers, chili, and cole slaw were gone, sold out to the happy and hungry crowd. At the booths, where American men and women tirelessly had called out carnival patter to the crowd, prize after prize had been selected and distributed to the skillful and the lucky.

The carnival lasted only seven hours, the culmination of months of work by a group of less than fifty American women and many of their husbands. Seven hours, but Accra had "never seen anything like this," and charity events in Ghana will probably never be quite the same again.

Front row: Mrs. Joan Jones-Quartey, Mrs. Rose-Marie Dunlap back row Mrs. Jean Baldwin, Mrs. Margaret Howad and Mrs. Nacy Coughlin.

How to Drive Your Secretary Crazy

(Seven Easy Lessons—Guaranteed to Work)

1. BE A MISER. Don't dictate everything at once—dole it out a little at a time, say every hour or so. Keep her on the run. If she complains, tell her you're probably helping her avoid Stenographer Spread. Every so often, give her a little dictation at around five twenty-five, to show who's boss.

2. No, No, No.! No premeditation before you call her for dictation. Let her sit it out while you hunt for the letter you need, decide what to say, etc. Make a few long-winded phone calls while she's sitting there, and if you feel the urge to chew the fat with the guy at the next desk between letters, go right ahead.

3. PRACTICE THE ART OF MUMBO-JUMBO. That is to say, never make yourself understood when you can avoid it. Swallowing every other word helps, as does chewing on a pencil, holding your hand over your mouth, talking to your belt buckle. This usually has them talking to themselves in a short time.

4. USE YOUR IMAGINATION. Just because you've already said something one way doesn't mean you can't change it. Make full use of inserts, crossouts, deletions. When her notes look as if they've been through the wars, ask her to read them back, just for laughs.

5. BE YOURSELF. If you feel grouchy, why hide it? Give her a large piece of your mind regularly, just on general principles. A good way to get rid of pent-up emotions is to revise all those nice finished letters on your desk.

6. BE MYSTERIOUS. Never spell out unusual names; every once in a while throw in a foreign phrase or two without blinking an eyelash; when she asks questions beat around the bush and make it quite clear that you don't encourage that sort of nonsense. When you're in the mood to play a real funny joke, dictate a long report and don't tell her you want an extra carbon until it's all typed.

7. BE HARD-HEARTED. Even though for you it may be almost impossible, never compliment her work. Be sure to mention each and every mistake she makes, both to her and to anyone else you can get to listen. Discourage such timewasting activities as asking her how she feels, listening to her problems (after all, you've got your own), etc. This may be easier for you if you develop a perpetual sneer on your face.

EMPIRE'S REACH

by CHARLES F. KNOX, JR.

THE SUN WAS coming up over the mountains of Puerto Rico, touching the peaks with golden light.

Juan stood hesitant, behind the chicken coop, and heard his father call again:

"Juan. Where are you?"

There was no escaping. His father had told him he must go at once to the store at the crossroads in the valley. It was eight miles there and back. But it wasn't the distance that frightened him. It was the valley people. He, Juan, was a mountain boy, a *jibarito* who lived apart, and the valley people were strangers. They were not of his people. They would laugh at him, make fun of his clothes and the way he talked. They had done so before. Even now that he was nine years old he was still afraid of them. Every time he thought of meeting them he trembled inside.

"Juan," his father called again. "Come quickly. I am already late for work in the fields."

He came from his hiding place and walked slowly toward the thatched house.

"Here are the eggs, lad," said his father, handing him a basket covered with grass. "Tell the storekeeper that you want three cents for each egg, the total to purchase a bottle of medicine for your mother's cough."

"Yes," said Juan, looking down at the ground.

"Cheer up," said his father, smiling. "It's not so bad, going to the store. And I have a surprise for you."

"For me?"

"A nickel," said his father, handing him a coin. "You can buy some candy."

The road through the fields of high sugar cane was a long lane, a narrow path rutted by ox-carts, green-walled. The air was hot and still. Juan stopped for a minute to wipe the sweat from the end of his nose and to hitch his ragged trousers more securely. He had been walking nearly an hour. Dust, kicked up by his bare feet, lay in a fine white film on his black hair and powdered the lashes of his dark eyes. The basket of eggs had gotten very heavy. A tiny lizard, with green tail and purple throat, looked at him with unblinking eyes and then streaked to safety.

His mind turned to candies waiting at the store; those big twisted sticks of hard candy, red and yellow, would taste good, but perhaps they cost more than a nickel. There were the little coconut patties, the candied fruits, and the round balls of molasses candy. He would take his time in choosing. He would examine every kind and pick the best and the biggest.

Rounding a curve Juan saw a figure trudging ahead of him. His heart started to pound; even at a distance he could see that the stranger was a valley boy, and fear came over him again.

The boy waited for Juan to catch up. Juan approached him warily, seeing that the stranger was larger and older than he.

"What do you carry in the basket?" asked the other, by way of opening conversation.

"Eggs," said Juan, lifting the grass to show the contents.

"Where do you come from?"

"The mountain," said Juan in a small voice.

"What is your name?"

"Juan. And you?"

"Pedro."

They trudged in silence for a while, and Juan was aware of Pedro's appraising glances, sizing him up, looking at his ragged pants, noting the absence of a shirt.

Finally Pedro said, "There will be a great many people at the crossroads, no?"

"People? Why, is there a fiesta?"

Pedro stopped short, his mouth open. "A fiesta indeed! Don't you know? It is a great event, a holiday. The President is passing by on the road to San Juan. All the people in the valley are coming to the crossroads to see him pass."

"The President . . . what do you mean, 'the President'?"

"What a dumb-head you are! What could I mean but the President of the United States. The most powerful man in all the world."

"So," said Juan, trying to keep his voice steady. "And for what does the President of the United States come here?"

"He is the owner of this island, you idiot. He is the owner of many more lands than just this island. He is greater even than the Governor at San Juan. If the President says to the Governor 'Look quick, man, and fetch me my hat,' then the Governor has to run quickly and get it. And he is an American and we are Americans, and he comes to see how his lands are doing. Now do you understand?"

Juan hesitated before speaking. He knew that he was an American, but there was a difference between him and the Americans who lived on a bigger island across the sea and to the north. They spoke a language called "English" and he could not understand it at all. Their land was very strange, too. Once he had seen pictures in a newspaper, of tall houses, many automobiles on smooth streets, and the people, their skins were white instead of brown.

"Well," he asked, "can anyone see the President pass by on the road to San Juan?"

"But of course. Everyone is expected to come and see him pass, and to wave the flag that the teacher gave us yesterday. Did you bring your flag?"

"My mother is sick and I stayed home to take care of her. I didn't go to school this week. I don't have any flag."

"Well," said Pedro, smugly. "I have my flag. More, I have two of them." From his shirt he drew what looked like two peppermint sticks and unrolled them.

Juan caught his breath. "How beautiful! Wave them a little, please."

Pedro waved the flags vigorously.

Right away Juan knew that he must have one of those flags. They were more desirable than the candy, more beautiful. He could not be without one. He reached in his pocket for the nickel his father had given him. "I'll buy one of your flags," he said, holding out his hand.

Pedro looked at the nickel. "Not for a nickel. I might sell one for fifteen cents. But not for a nickel."

Juan's heart sank. "I have only one nickel."

Pedro shrugged his shoulders. "Never." He rolled up the flags and stuck them again inside his shirt. Then, looking at Juan's bare torso, "Do you not have a shirt? Everyone is supposed to look his very best when the President passes."

Juan felt the hot blood coming up into his face. He thought of the splendid shirt he had at home. Not the kind that Pedro wore, with buttons and all, but still a good shirt that his mother had made him from a flour sack and into the shoulder of which she had worked some bright colored threads.

"Of course I have a shirt," he said, his voice thin. "A very nice shirt. But one doesn't wear a shirt all the time, and how could I know of this event?"

"Everyone knew," accused Pedro.

As he plodded along, reluctantly keeping up with Pedro, Juan trembled inside. He wished he could turn back. There would be a great many valley people at the crossroads, all dressed in the best clothes, and he, Juan, was without a shirt. Supposing the President should stop and say to him:

"Boy, how dare you come to see me pass, and you without a shirt and covered with dust and sweat."

What could he say?

And the flag! He didn't have one. The President might say:

"So! Here is one boy who doesn't know how great a man I am and who refuses to wave a flag at me when I pass by."

What could he say to that?

As they came within sight of the crossroads, Juan saw that the crowd of people in front of the store was just what he feared. Everyone wore a shirt, and the boys and girls ran about each with a red-white-and-blue flag.

Fending people away with his free hand to keep them from crushing the basket of eggs he entered the store and made his way to the counter.

"So," said the storekeeper, talking loud to be heard above the babble of voices. "Here we have a customer."

"If you please," said Juan. "My father asks that you buy these eggs at three cents each and sell me a bottle of medicine. It must be medicine good for the cough."

The storekeeper took a bottle from the shelf and placed it on the counter. "Is this the medicine you want?"

Juan studied the gaudy label very carefully. It was the same kind that his mother had taken before. He nodded.

"Anything else that you care to buy?"

Juan felt the reassuring pressure of the nickel in his palm. "Candy," he said.

The storekeeper took the candy tray from the glass case and placed it on the counter. Juan examined the assortment with care. The candies were neither as large nor as brightly colored as he had imagined. "Well," he thought, "even though I don't have a flag, at least I can buy some of this candy."

He felt a sharp nudge in his back.

It was Pedro, hope in his eyes. "Listen, Juan. That coconut candy is the best. And you can get two pieces for a nickel."

"I am going to get that very kind," he said, taking two of the biggest pieces he could find. His stomach reminded him that he hadn't eaten since sun-up.

"I personally like coconut candy the best of all," said Pedro.

Quite suddenly a dazzling idea came to Juan. He held the candies under Pedro's nose. They loomed much larger than an inedible nickel.

"Will you . . . will you sell me one of your flags for a piece of candy?" he asked.

Pedro's face fell. "But I am going to wave these at the President."

"You could wave only one flag, like everyone else."

Pedro's tone was calculating. "A flag is worth more than one piece of that old candy."

"One and a half pieces, then."

"Two pieces. I'll trade you the flag for two pieces."

Juan hesitated, but only for a moment. The flag was so beautiful. He could keep it always, to show to his mother and father and to wave whenever he liked. And he could wave it at the President. Oh, yes, he could wave it at the President.

Down the highway, sirens screeching a warning, came a squad of motorcycles. Back of them trailed a line of motor cars, the first one all shining in the sun, with a bright flag whipping from a tiny staff fastened to the radiator.

Juan stood open-mouthed, the bottle of medicine in one hand, the flag in the other.

A roar of motors, a waving of flags, and hats, and hands. A cry went up from the crowd as the big black car slowed to a stop:

"Viva! Viva el Presidente! Horay, Meester President! Look, look, the Governor too. Viva Excelencia!"

The President's car came abreast of where he stood and stopped, and Juan saw that the flag fastened on the front was just like his, but bigger.

The crowd surged forward and Juan was thrust unwillingly into the road. The movement caught the President's eye.

Juan's stomach shrivelled as he saw the great man was looking directly at him. And he without a shirt!

The President smiled, a large friendly smile, and the warmth of it flooded through Juan and unfroze his voice. He waved his flag and shouted, "Viva! Viva el Presidente!"

The President turned his head and spoke to his aide standing by the car.

The aide stepped forward, took Juan by the arm, and led him to the car. The crowd fell silent, watching.

"What is your name, son?", asked the President, smiling.

Juan's voice wouldn't come.

The aide bent down. "Tell the President your name," he said. "*Como te llamas?*"

"Juan," he whispered, swallowing hard.

"Sir," said the aide. "He says his name is John."

"Ask him where he lives."

"He is a mountain boy, Mr. President. He is what you call a little hill-billy."

"Splendid!" said the President. "A mountaineer. I always did like mountaineers. They make good Americans

by CHARLES F. KNOX, JR.

and great soldiers. You're a fine lad, and I'm glad to meet you." He reached out and put his arm around Juan's shoulders.

"Hold it, please, Mr. President," cried the photographers.

And while the aide told Juan in Spanish what the President had said, the cameras clicked and the crowd broke into excited babble.

The President settled back in the car and waved his hand in farewell. The motors roared again and the cavalcade started, gathering speed and disappearing down the road in a cloud of shimmering dust.

Juan looked up at the ring of faces, friendly faces now filled with excitement and admiration. Someone handed him a piece of sugar cane to chew, and another handed him a sweet cake. The questions came thick and fast. Pedro fought his way through the circle to get to Juan's side. His voice was filled with envy:

"Juan, my friend! What luck! How did it feel, man, when the President put his arm around you? Your picture will be in the newspaper, too. How lucky you are!"

"The President . . . . . the President said he liked mountain people," said Juan, his voice firm.

"He did, of course he did. He said he liked mountain people. You're the lucky one, all right."

The sun was setting as he walked home along the winding road between the walls of sugar cane. He held the flag in front of him, at the level of his eyes. He was no longer afraid of the valley people. He was no longer alone. He was an American, a member of a great parade. He was a general at the head of a great army. He was passing in review before the President. Little puffs of dust spurted up between his toes as he placed his feet down hard, left-right, left-right, marching with his shoulders very straight, and the flag waving solemnly before him.

BIRTHS

GWYNN. A daughter, Mary Elizabeth, born to FSO John B. Gwynn (currently on military furlough from the Department) and Mrs. Gwynn, on June 4, in the US Army Hospital at Heidelberg.

JOHNSTON. A son, David Alexander, born to Mr. and Mrs. James Richard Johnston, April 7, at San José, Costa Rica.

MARRIAGES

HUGHES-LEECH. Judith Cooper Hughes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morris N. Hughes of the American Embassy, Paris, was married on July 21, to Keith Leech of Humboldt, Nebraska, at the American Catbedral of Paris.

ORGAN-DIXON. Sarah Organ, of St. John's, Newfoundland, and FSO Huston Dixon were married at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Trenton, New Jersey, on November 15, 1958. Mr. Dixon is now assigned to Lahore.

SCHNEIDER-BARTON. Marlene McGregor Schneider, daughter of Consul General and Mrs. Robert G. McGregor, was married in Gibraltar on June 4, to Nevett Steele Barton III, son of Mrs. Virginia Hanly Barton of New York City and Nevett S. Barton.

DEATHS

CORRIGAN. John Corrigan, FSO Ret'd., died on July 6, in Durban, South Africa. Mr. Corrigan entered the Foreign Service in 1919 and retired as Consul General in Durban in 1943. Among his posts were Cherbourg, Dublin, and Izmir.

MCLAIN. Camden L. McLain, FSSO, died on July 14, while on active duty at San José. Mr. McLain had entered the Foreign Service in 1922. Among his posts were Valparaiso, Concepción, Antofagasta, Santiago de Chile, and Barranquilla.

WILLIAMS. Mrs. Jean Roger Williams, wife of FSO Reed Williams, died of a heart attack on May 12, at Paramaribo, Surinam.

ON WRITING FOR THE GOVERNMENT

by JOHN P. MCKNIGHT

YOU CAN, of course, spend all your life in government service, and rise high in it, without giving very much thought to your writing.

However, your way to promotion is probably smoothed if you take pains to write reasonably well. Certainly, the government's business gets done better. For if your writing is easy to read, the man who receives it, be he another government servant or private citizen, is much more likely to act upon it, or to reply to it. It is the clumsy, diffuse, hard-to-understand missive that keeps getting shoved down to the bottom of the in-basket.

For these reasons, I have insisted, at my three USIS posts, that the members of my staff make an effort to write well. I do not expect of them, of course, that they rival Hemingway or Hersey or O'Hara. I ask merely that they try to write good, plain, straightforward English—English that the most harried, heckled, hag-ridden recipient will understand the first time his tired eyes run over it.

For the guidance of my staffs, I have set down in several successive memorandums certain precepts I consider basic to good government writing—indeed, to good prose generally. These precepts, I hasten to say, are by no means original. I have simply cribbed them from Fowler and Flesch and the University of Chicago Press's "A Manual of Style" and the style-books of the Government Printing Office, the Associated Press, and several newspapers, and adapted them to my present ends.

The memorandums I have issued, I have prefaced with some such caution as this:

"These rules, like all others, are not to be followed out the window. Plainness of language, clarity, forthrightness are virtues; but, like all virtues, they can be practiced to excess. Over-simplicity may seem childish; over-simplification may actually confuse complex matters; over-directness may become bluntness, and give offense. A decent regard for the subject matter and for the recipient will usually counsel you as to the style and level of language to employ."

For what it may be worth, the latest edition of my memorandums—lightly edited to remove local allusions, and so make it more generally applicable—follows:

1. All else being equal, prefer the short word to the long, the familiar to the less familiar, the Anglo-Saxon to the Latin or Greek, e.g., "left," not "departed." (But this must not be at the expense of precision. For the thousands of new concepts that the 19th and 20th centuries have introduced into English, there are often no serviceable Anglo-Saxon words: in most cases, we have made new words from Latin and Greek. Hence, do not hesitate to use the long or unfamiliar word if no other will do.)

2. Shun governmentalese, officialese, jargon. Everyday language is almost always better: "carrying out plans," not "implementing plans." (I particularly dislike "reference

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A longtime Associated Press foreign correspondent, fictioneer, and author, John P. McKnight has, since joining USIA in 1951, served as Information Officer and Deputy PAO in Rome, and as PAO in Seoul and Rio de Janeiro.

communication," "subject film," "implement," "debrief," "finalize.")

3. Prefer the active to the passive voice: "he did it," not "it was done by him." Follow, usually, the normal English order of subject-verb-predicate; if you change this order, have good reason for doing so.

4. Prefer simple sentences to compound, short to long; regard with suspicion any sentence longer than 20 to 25 words.

5. Prefer the simple to the complex tense.

6. Prefer simple verbs to verbal compounds: "planned," not "evolved plans." Favor verbs of action.

7. Be sparing of adjectives and adverbs.

8. Avoid, where you can, prepositional phrases: e.g., "about," not "with respect to" or "in regard to."

9. Have each paragraph contain one complete thought. Try to keep paragraphs — especially, first paragraphs — short.

10. Prefer the personal to the impersonal: say "we," not "USIS-Rio," or "the post"; "you," not "the Agency."

11. Be sure you know what the words you use mean. Be sure also that they say what you want to say. That requires you to be sure that you know what you want to say. A lot of our writing troubles stem from the fact that our ideas are not clear in our minds.

12. Finally, when you have time, do drafts, work them over, and avoid prolixity.

There are certain customs of typography that, for uniformity, are best followed. Some of them:

1. Underline foreign words; make sure that accents, diacritical marks, etc., are correct.

2. Put in capital letters titles of books, magazines, newspapers; put titles of articles in quotes.

3. Capitalize sparingly. (It's Communist but communism, Fascist but fascism.)

4. Spell out numbers through "ten," use figures above "ten." Do not start sentences with figures.

5. In tabulation, unless an instruction you are following specifies otherwise, use the standard series: I., A., 1., a., (1)., (a)., etc.

6. Divide words properly: no one can keep in his head all the rules for dividing English words, but dictionaries are ready to hand.

7. Where the subject matter permits, get into the first sentence or paragraph of telegrams, despatches, and memorandums the guts of what you have to say; the busy man in Washington or elsewhere will probably read that much, if no more. A summary, in capital letters, is desirable—indeed, required—in long despatches. An "action desired" paragraph may well go at the end.

8. Follow standard practice in punctuation: the stops—ranging from the period through the dash, colon, and semicolon to the comma—all have their agreed uses (and, to the careful writer and reader, their meaning); they are signposts to help the reader find his way. Use two dashes (--) for the dash, one (-) for the hyphen.

Punctuation troubles many writers, including some professional ones. I cannot discuss the subject in detail here: I refer you to the section on punctuation on pp. xxxi-iv of

"The American College Dictionary," or that in any other standard dictionary. A good general rule is this: use only the stops required for clarity, no more. ("Open" punctuation, so-called, is gradually driving out "close" punctuation, even in fairly formal writing.) For safety, rely chiefly on periods and commas, avoiding colons, semi-colons, and dashes unless you are quite sure you know how to use them. (Using mostly periods and commas also makes for short sentences.)

A direct quotation may be introduced by either a comma or a colon: the latter is more formal, and it is preferable before a lengthy quotation or a quotation consisting of more than one sentence. In either case, the first word of the quoted matter is capitalized. Put quotation marks outside other punctuation (except colon and semi-colon).

Examples: *He said, "School opens today." The President exclaimed: "The world must be united. Not otherwise can we live."*

If the quotation runs to several paragraphs, quotation marks go at the start of each, but at the *end* of the final one only. (In American usage, quotations within quoted matter take single marks.)

On the matter of the final serial comma, good writers differ. Some will write *the red, white, and blue*, others *the red, white and blue*. In most series, omission of the final comma does not confuse. But in some, it does. Example: *The Ministries of Foreign Affairs, Labor, Agriculture, Welfare and Health*. Are there five ministries, or four? Clarity, thus, argues for the use of the final serial comma. Let us standardize on it.

Plurals and possessives often give trouble. It's *the Joneses*, NOT *the Jones* nor *the Jones'*. It's *Curtis's book*, NOT *Curtis' book*. (The latter is not actually wrong; usage is simply moving toward adding the extra "s" when pronunciation requires an extra syllable.) But it's *the companies' employees, for my conscience' sake*, etc. It's *a day's work, a week's travel, three hours' time*. It's *three e's, four 10's, two GI's, too many an's, the 1900's*. (Numbers, letters, words treated as *words*, and abbreviations such as ICA, GI, AF, etc., are often italicized in printed matter, and hence may be underlined to denote italicization in typed matter. Also, the form GIs, PAOs, etc., is increasingly common.)

Other points I have noted that give trouble:

Use of commas, not periods, in numbers above 999. Examples: *1,000; 1,232,555*.

Round numbers involving millions, billions, etc. Write: *15 million, 23 billion, $45.5 million*.

July 1, NOT *July 1st. June 5, 1956*, NOT *5 June 1956*. (A trend to the last is to be detected in government writing.) And mark you: You almost never need *on* with dates.

Usually, spell out *percent* and *and*. (The symbol % and the ampersand & are sometimes permissible in tabular, statistical, or other highly condensed matter.)

Capitalize sparingly, and *consistently*. Do not make it *binational centers* in one sentence and *Binational Centers* in the next.

Be careful that proper names—especially those of persons and places—are correctly spelled. Mistakes here may cause much confusion.

The neuter possessive pronoun is *its; it's* is the contraction of *it is*.

Singular nouns, including group nouns, take singular verbs and pronouns. Examples: *The government is* (not are) *firmly in power. The Association held its* (not their) *annual meeting.* (British usage, of course, differs.)

Parallelism of structure. *He said that he was free and that he would be glad to come,* or *He said he was free and he would be glad to come,* NOT, *he said he was free and that he would be glad to come.*

Telegraphese in despatches and OM's. Avoid it.

You may write either third or first person (plural) despatches and OM's. (For most USIA communications, I prefer the first person.) But do not switch back and forth: pick one and stick to it. Example: Do not say "USIS-Rio" in one sentence and "we" in the next.

In indirect quotation, *that* may usually be dropped after *said,* but most of the more formal verbs of expression—stated, declared, contended, exclaimed, etc.—require it.

Most careful writers use *get* or *procure* or *obtain,* reserving *secure* for its primary meaning of *make fast* or *safe,* etc. So with *insure* and *ensure:* they let the former mean *take out insurance,* the latter *make sure.* Other troublesome pairs: *assume* and *presume, affect* and *effect, already* and *all ready, principal* and *principle, medium* and *media* (the latter is the plural), *compose* and *comprise, definite* and *definitive, judicial* and *judicious, situate* and *locate* (confusion usually occurs with the past participles), *infer* and *imply, perspicacity* and *perspicuity.* There are many other "pairs and snares." If you are hazy about them, look them up.

A final admonition: keep the dictionary and other reference books handy and use them. There is no ignominy in going to the dictionary to make sure of the spelling and meaning of words you want to use: no one can remember with certainty all the thousands of words he must employ. "Fowler's Modern English Usage" will clear up many knotty problems about the right use of language. The "GPO Style Manual" will answer countless questions, about capitalization, abbreviation, etc.

CLIPPINGS FROM THE PRESS:

"PUBLIC RELATIONS" at the State Department involves a whole lot more than handling press and radio news conferences, issuing handouts on official statements of policy and texts of speeches by the Secretary.

There is a problem of dealing directly with the American people—the citizens of the democracy who have an interest in this far-flung international relations business the country has got itself into since World War II. Taxpayers demand service. The public relations problem is to give it to them.

There are about 2,000 organizations in the United States which profess some interest in foreign affairs. State Department tries to keep in touch with them—particularly the 300 that are most active, with big memberships.

One State Department liaison officer is assigned full time to working with churches and service clubs. Another to women's clubs, young peoples' groups and educational institutions. Still another to veterans, labor and farm groups.

Once a month from 25 to 50 Washington representatives of the most active organizations come to the Department for an hour's briefing on current developments. They ask questions whose answers are relayed to their membership.

Twice a year representatives from about 200 national organizations come in for a day-and-a-half conference on what's new.

The Public Services division runs a Speech Branch. Last year it scheduled State Department officials for 1,000 speeches to organizations wanting to know about some phase of foreign policy. Speakers are supplied for free. But about 500 invitations a year have to be turned down because there aren't enough experts available to meet the demand. . . .

To help fill the gap, the Department also runs a service to supply statements from high officials, or greetings which can be read at meetings or conventions which they can't attend.

Audiences and individuals that the Department can't reach with the spoken word, it tries to cover with printed material. This is the work of a Publications Branch.

The Department publishes a weekly "Bulletin" with a circulation of about 6000 at home and overseas. It's really a historical record of all treaties and important State papers.

All this material is condensed into a bi-weekly State Department "Brief"—a single blue sheet of tabloid newspaper size—and sent to 4,000 interested officials. Armed forces buy 5,000 for their troop indoctrination courses. And there is a sale through Government Printing Office of 12,000 copies an issue.

For high school debaters, background information kits are made up. In a democracy like the United States—that's how foreign policy gets made at the grass roots.—Peter Edson in the Washington (D. C.) DAILY NEWS

ND and News Briefing

by LINCOLN WHITE

THE STATE Department is essentially the research arm of the President in making recommendations for his consideration of policies designed to serve the best interests of the United States in its foreign relations and in suggesting practical programs to implement these policies—in short, programs of action to achieve our international objectives.

Obviously the value of these recommendations will depend greatly upon the capability of the personnel all down the line who are involved in their formulation. But even if the State Department were populated by the best brains ever assembled under one roof and their policy recommendations and implementing programs were the most brilliant ever set to paper, they would be of little use unless we make certain that two very important things happen:

1. that these policies, the need for them, their objectives, and their consequences, are understood by the American people generally, and
2. that such understanding leads to acceptance and support of our policies by the American people and thus by the Congress.

It need hardly be stressed that such support is vital, for virtually every policy decision must be implemented through programs calling for the expenditure of funds or authorizations by the Congress to take specific actions. . . .

The News Division operates, therefore, on the philosophy that the sole justification for its existence is the help it provides the reporter in every way it can:

1. to know what the Department is doing,
2. to know why it is doing it, and
3. to know why it is not doing something else—that is, why a particular course of action has been selected over some alternative course.

Let me make clear that we do *not* regard ourselves as salesmen of any product other than the facts. Our job is to make the facts available, to the best of our ability, in order that the reporter may objectively interpret for himself what we are doing and why we are doing it, whether he agrees with us or not. . . .

The most productive source of news at the Department is the weekly news conference of the Secretary of State. This conference, when the Secretary is in town, is held on Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock. . . .

But, as we all know, foreign affairs developments are constantly occurring in the period between the Secretary's news conferences. So every day, excluding some Saturdays, most Sundays, and, of course, Tuesdays when the Secretary holds his news conference, I meet with the reporters for a briefing at 12:15 p.m. This is the best compromise we have been able to evolve between the competing requirements of morning and afternoon papers.

"Linc" White has been a press officer in the Department since 1939, and Chief of News Division since July 1957. This piece is excerpted from the Department's *Bulletin*.

The preparations for these sessions are, on a much smaller scale, the same as those for the Secretary's news conferences.

Three Department officers arrive at the Department at 7 o'clock in the morning. They look through the New York TIMES, the New York HERALD-TRIBUNE, the Baltimore SUN, and the Washington POST AND TIMES-HERALD and cull stories of particular interest to the Department. These are boiled down to thumbnail size on several typewritten pages and are on the desks of the Secretary and the Under Secretary at 8:45. In about 5 minutes' reading one gets a pretty good idea of overnight global developments. We indicate the newspaper, the page, and the column, in case the reader wants to see the full story.

This news précis is also on Mr. Berding's* desk and on my own, and in a few minutes I have a fair notion of what questions I can expect at the noon briefing.

Our staff is organized on a geographic and functional basis, one man being assigned to cover European developments, another Latin America, a third the Middle East, a fourth the Far East, and so on. These officers help me to prepare for the noon briefing. . . .

Then there are always the "handouts"—announcements such as speeches, texts of notes, agreements, and itineraries of visiting dignitaries. These meanwhile are being mimeographed and scheduled for release at a time when the greatest number of reporters are at the Department. . . .

Then I meet with the reporters. There are about twenty who cover the Department exclusively. They have their own booths in the press room and spend the day and early evening with us at the Department.

There are some twenty to thirty others—from smaller bureaus, which can't afford the luxury of a special State Department correspondent but which closely follow foreign policy developments—who come to the Department for the daily "briefer."

On some days we have a considerable volume of news; on others we have very little. But, much or little, the proceedings are generally enlivened by the deft, humorous question and the swaying tightrope answer, the good-natured legpulling, and more often than not the righteous gripe about the simultaneous release prematurely broken from abroad.

The balance of the day is filled with discussions with individual reporters developing individual stories. . . .

A foreign affairs development can break and does at 2 a.m. our time just as frequently as it does at noon our time. . . .

The trick, of course, is to lay hands on and shake the sleep from the minds of the five or more Department officers that I, in turn, have to call to get the answer to the question that routed me out of bed at 2 a.m. But that is part of their job, too, and not the least of the inconveniences they willingly accept in undertaking the vital responsibilities of working for America's security and welfare.

And yet their work, I have tried to emphasize, can come to naught unless it is understood by their fellow Americans.

**Ass't Secretary of State for Public Affairs.*

Letters to the Editor

Pseudonyms may be used only if the original letter includes the writer's correct name. All letters are subject to condensation. The opinions of the writers are not intended to indicate the official views of the Department of State, or of the Foreign Service as a whole.

"Are We Administering Away Our Effectiveness?"

CONGRATULATIONS to the JOURNAL for raising in a suitably provocative way a subject of wide general service interest ("Are We Administering Away Our Effectiveness?" in the February issue).

Reader comment seems to make at least one point clear: regardless of its virtues and vices "administration" is suffering from a public relations failure throughout the Service. That is, there is widespread criticism, justified or unjustified, of administrative procedures and philosophy.

It is to be hoped that this important subject will not be dropped.

JAMES K. PENFIELD
Washington

"ARE WE ADMINISTERING Away Our Effectiveness?" by John E. Cunningham (February JOURNAL) and the letters to the editor which it has occasioned have been interesting as evidence of a genuine concern regarding the administrative function in the Service, but neither the article nor the letters seem to me to have come to grips with the real problem.

Many of us would agree, I think, with Mr. Cunningham's complaint that employees are being hired to perform functions which an officer of normal intelligence and integrity should be able to do for himself. But is this really the fault of the Foreign Service?

There is, indeed, the tendency, on which the oft-quoted Parkinson's Law was based, for administration to multiply geometrically, but despite Mr. Cunningham's plaintive attempt to lay this at the door of the Foreign Service administrative staff, isn't the real culprit the bureaucratic form of government under which we live? Could one small branch (the Foreign Service) of the United States Government adopt procedures wholly different from all the other branches even if it wanted to and even if those procedures involved rather higher standards of efficiency and integrity than the rest?

I find it hard to believe that those in charge of the administration of the Foreign Service would not long ago have abandoned, for the very reasons Mr. Cunningham gives, many or all of the practices to which he objects if it were not for the absolute necessity of being able to account for and justify every penny and every action before the Bureau of the Budget, the General Accounting Office, and the Congress. Is it conceivable that the Congress would appropriate upwards of 200 million dollars a year for the maintenance and conduct of the Department and the Foreign Service without having access to an exhaustive accounting for every dollar? Isn't this the real reason why the Foreign Service, like every other agency of the government, is choked, buried, and very nearly immobilized by the vast mountain of vouchers, reports, administrative circulars, etc., and the real reason it has to employ an army of people to cope with them?

There are those who will reply to this: "And quite right, too. If the taxpayer's money is going to be appropriated, the peoples' representatives have the right and the duty to know how every nickel of it is spent." I have, of course, no quarrel with this dictum in principle, but unfortunately in practice it leads to the *reductio ad absurdum* which we are witnessing, namely the employment of a tremendous number of people, at the taxpayers' expense, to account for the expenditure of the relatively small amount of taxpayers' money actually used to advance the national interest of the United States.

If this is in fact the issue, perhaps your readers will have some suggestions as to how the disease can be cured before it becomes fatal.

RICHARD FRIEDMAN
Counselor of Embassy
Luxembourg

"Diplomat at Sea"

• • • I want to tell you that I particularly enjoyed the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL containing "Nathaniel Hawthorne, Consul at Liverpool," and "Diplomat at Sea," which was terrific.

(MRS.) LILLIAN TASKER
Portland, Ore.

I BELIEVE that administration should be designed to aid the organization to achieve its objectives with the most efficient expenditure of its resources. Consequently, activities that are wasteful are activities that are harmful, whether the waste be of men, money, or materials.

An effort must be made to distinguish between service activities of dubious value and administrative activities created to help top management carry out its responsibilities. True administrative functions such as those of a fiscal and budgetary nature are often allowed to become mechanical and clerical because program people make little use of the information developed. There should be no mystery about methods of recording and reporting financial information, nor about proper utilization of it in day-to-day operations. Welfare activities and other peripheral activities of the administrative units are not true administrative functions, but they reside where they do because all others disclaim responsibility. Organizational units of a service nature are responsive to the demands of operating units and can be effectively terminated by eliminating the demand for services. Whether termination is efficient if such activities are merely transferred from a specialized unit to an operating unit or individual officers is questionable.

Some administrators do become enamored of the concept that administration is an end in itself. Probably as disturbing to qualified administrators as the above is to operating personnel, is the failure of the latter to accord proper recognition to a field which today is both complex and specialized. I do not accept the presumption that "Parkinson's Law" applies primarily to the type of administration discussed, as distinguished from that exercised by chiefs of other sections, such as political and economic. I agree that continuing correction of wasteful procedures in the administrative area is necessary. However, if I were asked whether there was too much or too little true administration in the Department of State I would answer: "Too little."

RICHARD L. ERICSSON
Washington

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Letters to the Editor

Awards and Scholarships—for Foreign Service Locals

THIS SUGGESTION is offered with no pretense of originality. It is born out of two years' experience in a very small post, a microcosm where events can be observed in a clear, close light, and from conversations with other officers interested in the same problem.

From time to time one reads in the "Foreign Service Newsletter" of local employees of great length of service who have been given scrolls attesting to their loyalty over a period of years at one post or another. All over the world there are such employees: men and women who have chosen to devote their lives to the service of a government not their own, who forfeit many advantages that otherwise might be theirs to become a part of the American Foreign Service. Here at Aden we have such employees, men who are a vital part of our operations and who are at the same time distinguished members of the local community.

After a period of years these employees will no doubt be given scrolls attesting to their value to this Consulate, and more importantly, they will be remembered with gratitude by the members of the American staff here who have benefited from their knowledge of local conditions and marveled at their devotion to duty. All this is proper and valuable, but it seems too small a reward for such a big and vital job. Our local employees seem to me to be the forgotten men and women of the American Foreign Service, the unheralded executors of our foreign policy in its most basic application, the "middle men," so to speak, of our relations with every country in the world where we have a Foreign Service post. It is time, it seems to me, to wake up to the reality of this situation and to do something for our local employees, something that will earn us goodwill in all parts of the world, and that will act as a great morale builder among our present local employees, and thus induce others of high calibre to join their ranks.

I, therefore, respectfully submit the following recommendations, which I believe should be seriously considered by the appropriate authorities for immediate action, if they are considered worthy of such:

All local clerical employees with over five years' service, who have established an outstanding record, should be considered as possible recipients of grants to enable them to visit the United States at Government expense in order to undertake training in their respective fields. Thus, local employees dealing with visa work might visit the Visa Office of the Department of State and the Immigration and Naturalization Service Office, employees dealing with economic matters might visit the economic offices of the Department of State, and the Department of Commerce, and so on. These grants should be distributed through the Regional Bureaus and should be awarded at the recommendation of the principal officer of a post. Principal officers at large posts should solicit recommendations for such awards from chiefs of sections, who should in turn accept nominations from individual Foreign Service Officers on their staffs. The grants should cover travel and expenses for up to three weeks of training, or for whatever length of time is deemed appropriate.

A special appropriation should be made each year to cover the costs of these trips, and at least five employees from each regional area should be chosen annually by a selection board in the Department of State, from the recommendations of each regional bureau, which should present its candidates in the order in which it deems them deserving of the award. First consideration should be given to employees of especially outstanding service whose means would not otherwise enable them to visit the United States.

FOREIGN SERVICE TYPES

by Howard R. Simpson

The Military Attaché

It is the firm conviction of the officer submitting this suggestion that the establishment of a program along the lines drawn above would have great benefits, benefits that would make the expenditure involved a very good investment indeed in terms of eventual rewards to the United States. The establishment of such a program would increase the job efficiency of the participating local employees by giving them an insight into the actual operations "at the other end of the line." It would enable them to see American life at first hand and would create sympathetic understanding among them and their American fellow-employees. Finally, it would spread the good news of the democratic life in the most effective way, through word of mouth, through the medium of alert and intelligent visitors who have seen the United States in person and who could act as spokesmen against those of their fellow-countrymen who are spreading anti-American or pro-communist propaganda. One such spokesman, who has visited the United States, shopped in American stores, enjoyed the hospitality of American homes and talked to American workers and public servants, would be worth a thousand volumes of propaganda literature. It is well known that people are always most convinced by arguments that they discover for themselves. The initiation of a program such as I have outlined here would, in my opinion, enable hundreds of key people of all nationalities to discover for themselves the splendors of the democratic life, while at the same time it would increase their efficiency and morale as cogs in the great living machine of the Foreign Service of the United States of America.

A scholarship fund should be set up which would enable a number of the sons and daughters of all Foreign Service local employees with over ten years' service, regardless of position, to attend leading universities in the United States. Qualified children of local employees with over ten years' service and of outstanding records in the service of the United States should be awarded these scholarships upon the recommendations of the principal officers at their

Letters to the Editor

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parents' posts. At least one such scholarship should be distributed in each geographical area through the respective regional bureaus. Preference should be given to applicants who would otherwise be denied higher education because of lack of personal funds or of lack of facilities in their home countries, and to applicants who apply for training in skills in which their home country is particularly lacking, such as pre-medical, pre-engineering students, etc.

There is no need to elaborate on the benefits of well-administered scholarship programs. Surely one of the best ways to reward local employees for outstanding and long service is by giving their children advantages which would otherwise be far beyond their means. The good will that such a program would create would obviously far outweigh the cost of its establishment. The penetration of ideas would thus reach into the second generation in many families and incentive would be given to the more talented and ambitious in each local community to join the American Foreign Service in the capacity of local employees.

The two-part plan outlined above is suggested in the hope that it will lead to the establishment of a program that will greatly increase the already high efficiency and morale of the local employees of the Foreign Service and will serve as a subtle and effective weapon for democracy in the battle for men's minds that characterizes the world in our lifetime.

THOMAS J. HENIGHAN

Aden

"Katorga"

I recently read an interesting and enlightening book about Soviet Russia, entitled "Katorga," by Bernhard Roeder, printed in translation by the Windmill Press, Kingswood, Surrey.

Mr. Roeder's objective reporting appears to give an entirely new slant on certain aspects of recent events and developments in the U.S.S.R. and it is therefore believed that this work should be widely read by Foreign Service personnel.

CARL O. HAWTHORNE

Zurich

Politesse at the Border

JOURNAL readers may be interested to learn the sequel to the story published in the April 1959 issue of the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL about the trip of our former Ambassador, the late Hugh Gibson, through France in June 1940.

At that time several of us had been sent from my then post at Madrid to the French side of the border to assist Americans seeking to enter Spain. The day was about June 26, 1940—the last week of the fall of France. We had assisted that day perhaps two hundred or more U. S. citizens in getting through the blocks at each end of the international bridge at Irun and into Spain. It was twilight.

Hoping to find more Americans, I walked up the hill on the French side, checking cars. Many had mattresses on top as a possible protection against strafing. Vehicles of all descriptions jammed the road as far as one could see, but a single lane somehow had been kept free. Ahead of me I saw a French border guard scratching a line across the road. In reply to my query, he informed me that the cars back of the line would have to stay there until the next day.

At that moment I spotted Hugh Gibson standing on the road about six cars back. I thanked the guard for his explanation and added that surely the rule would not apply to our Ambassador who was just up the road a few feet. His reaction was a scandalized "Mais non, Monsieur, où est-il?"

After I had pointed him in the direction of our ex-Ambassador—(being careful to avoid any technical discussion as to the latter's current status)—the gallant Frenchman took over and in a matter of moments whisked Mr. Gibson over the bridge and into Spain. On the Spanish side our present Ambassador to Portugal, the Honorable C. Burke Elbrick, then a Secretary of Embassy, stood ready to speed him on his way.

EARL T. CRAIN

Madrid

"Illustrated Post Report"

CONGRATULATIONS on your exceptionally interesting April JOURNAL.

The "Illustrated Post Report" is the most effective answer I've yet seen to the ugly, the quiet, and the pretty Americans.

I liked the Washington Letter, too, and noted that you already put a "nix on dull pix" in the Service Glimpses.

In short, I liked everything from cover to cover, including the editor's note to the effect that quite enough has been said in the JOURNAL letter columns about a certain badly written book full of speciosity which became a best seller only because of a catchy title.

More power to your elbow!

EVON CLARK

Arlington, Va.

Fancier of Small Print

LET ME share with you the pleasure which comes to the fancier of small print. In the JOURNAL for May 1959, we are on page 3 with Paul Child in Amsterdam and learn that he had been walking with his camera focussed on two school girls who "were laughing and talking like American youngsters," imagine, "laughing and talking like American youngsters."

Onward explorers, carry on FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL, bring us some more messages of hope such as this one that Dutch school girls laugh and talk like American youngsters and are therefore in spite of the tragic handicap of being foreigners nonetheless almost human.

ROLF JACOBY
Public Affairs Officer

Dakar

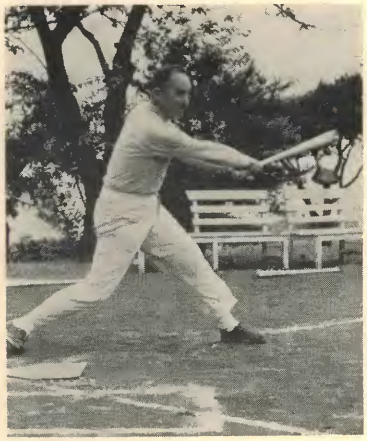
Editor's Note: The 6pt. read "Two school girls who were laughing and talking, like American youngsters on their way home from school." But we should like to take this opportunity to correct our remark about the door in back of them—it belonged to a private dwelling built in 1624, not to a church.

Photo by Paul Child

Batter Up...

While throughout the USA the question of a third major league and the winners of the World Series were being hotly disputed, overseas F.S. teams have been pitting their strength against rival ball teams. At right: At Pershing Field, Saigon, the Embassy softball team walked away with all the honors in the eight-team league race, with 33 wins and only two losses over the five-month-long season. Center: The Annual Embassy-Gaimusho baseball game in Tokyo was masterminded by Ambassador Douglas MacArthur II, but the Gaimusho won back the "Brown Hibachi" trophy this year. Below: At Karachi the State Department Team won thirteen victories out of fourteen games played.

Saigon. Front row: Harry Christe, Ken Traister, Stevie Hornberger, Gus Young, "Smoky" Lawson, and Don Mansfield. Back row: Don Rondeau, Kenneth Hicks, Douglas Carpenter, John Kimbally, Stan Langland, Herb Thomas, and Manager Steve Kasarda.



Tokyo. Ambassador Douglas MacArthur II has connected for a hit to deep left field.

Tokyo. Japanese Vice Foreign Minister Yisanari Yamada has just hit a long ball to right field while Embassy Counselor Harlan B. Clark is catching. Looking on are Fumihiko Togo (by tree) and Yoshio Hatano (right).

Karachi. Ambassador James M. Langley with members of the team (rear): B. Vance, J. Ruoff, J. Wishmyer, B. Brewer, W. Pike, Captain J. Lennon, E. Smith, D. Mudrinich, A. Dulle, A. Galpin. (front): G. Meyers, R. Navarro, W. Walters, W. Kelly.